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THE FIGHTING IN BURMAH: Dacoits in Ambush.

A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHOORKAS.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Thursday, Jan. 13, was a proud day for Mr. Henry M. Stanley, Journalist and Explorer; ay, and for the Corporation of London, which honoured itself by doing honour to the intrepid traveller who found Livingstone, and who will soon be on his way to find, and, it is to be hoped, to save, Emin Pasha. After the presentation of the honorary freedom of the City to Mr. Stanley—a ceremony which took place in the Guildhall and was graced by an eloquent speech from the Chamberlain, Mr. Benjamin Scott, and a suitable reply from the distinguished traveller—a pleasant adjournment was made to the Mansion House, where luncheon was served to a large party in the Egyptian Hall. Two ladies were present at the banquet: the Lady Mayoress, as of right; the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, as of right, also; for is not her Ladyship free of the City and a Liverywoman of the Worshipful Company of Turners?

I was glad to be among the guests, since it gave me the opportunity of meeting many dear old friends, some of whom I had not seen for years. The journalists had responded, *con amore*, to the hospitable invitation of the Lord Mayor; and at the high table I noted Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, Mr. Lucy, Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B.—the best of all good company. I would that Mr. Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., had also been among the guests of Sir Reginald Hanson; for the gifted author of "The Light of Asia" was very helpful to Stanley when the explorer undertook his mission to the Dark Continent, at the cost and charges of two great newspapers—the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*. But Mr. Arnold—he is mending now, I am happy to hear—has been, these many weeks past, sorely sick.

By-the-way, while Stanley was in Africa a slight difference arose between the two journals which I have named owing to the alleged premature publication, either in London or New York, of one of Stanley's letters. The misunderstanding was of the very shortest duration; but it gave the *Saturday Review* the opportunity of publishing an article on the subject overflowing with milk and honey. The paper was headed "Peachum and Lockit." Mr. Peachum, you will recollect, was a receiver of stolen goods, and Mr. Lockit was the fraudulent and extortionate keeper of Newgate.

A Southern American paper, the *Charleston News*, has printed that which purports to be a hitherto unpublished letter from Thackeray to Mr. Fraser, sometime proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine*, which was copied by a Charleston lady, who visited Europe last year, from the original in the collection belonging to Mrs. Fraser's sister, Mrs. Findlayson, of Dublin. These credentials are not very elevated; but the letter, which is dated from Boulogne, contains plenty of internal evidence to prove its authenticity. Thackeray is writing the "Yellowplush Papers" for *Fraser*; and he warns the publisher that he intends to strike for higher wages. He demands payment for future "Yellowplush" at the rate of twelve guineas a sheet and two guineas for a drawing; certainly not an immoderate scale of payment, although between 1838 and 1840 it was more than contributors to even first-class magazines usually received. It is pleasant to remember that Mr. Thackeray lived to be the editor of a magazine, the *Cornhill*, the proprietor of which, Mr. George Smith, remunerated his contributors on a positively princely scale.

Mem.: It used to be a standing joke with Thackeray in the autumn of his life, and at the height of his fame, to relate that he had been offered by the proprietors of a great encyclopædia the munificent sum of eight guineas for a "Life of Queen Anne." "Well"; one of the proprietors who hailed from a great publishing office not a thousand miles from the romantic town of Edinburgh, was accustomed to reply, "the sum offered to Mr. Thackeray was just, right, and equitable. Our maximum scale of remuneration was sixteen guineas a sheet, and we only wanted eight pages about Queen Anne."

In the course of a theatrical libel case tried this week, some evidence was given as to a lady mistaking her "cue." Mr. Justice Grove, with thoughtful kindness, asked counsel if he was of opinion that the jury understood the nature of a theatrical "cue." The report proceeds to say:—

Mr. Lockwood: If they did not they ought to do so (Laughter). He understood from the jury that they did know. Mr. Kemp: Some married men knew the meaning of "P's and Q's" (Laughter). Mr. Lockwood was not aware whether his Lordship was equally familiar with the term (Laughter). Mr. Justice Grove: Yes; but it was not until he was somewhat advanced in life that he became acquainted with it; and therefore he thought that perhaps the jury did not know it. Mr. Lockwood: If your Lordship were to tell me to leave this court, my "cue" would be the word "court" (Loud laughter). I hope that it will be long before your Lordship will say such a thing.

Setting aside the racy humour of the foregoing colloquy, it may be pointed out that "cue," in its theatrical sense, is a very mysterious word. The majority of the dictionaries agree in saying that "cue" is derived from the Latin "cauda," through the French "queue," and that it means the last words of a speech which the player who is to answer catches and regards as an intimation to begin. Shakespeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (iii., 1), in "Hamlet" (ii., 1), and in "Othello" (i., 2), alludes to the "cue" theatrical. The mention thereof in "Othello" is peculiarly distinct:—

Were it my cue to fight I should have known it
Without a prompter.

But the learned etymologist, Mr. Wedgwood, maintains that the theatrical "cue" has nothing to do with the French "queue," but that it is derived from "Q," the first letter of the Latin "Quando," which was marked on the actors' parts to show when they were to enter and speak. This contention is indirectly strengthened by the fact that, in French theatrical parlance, that which we call the "cue" is termed the "réplique." I quote M. Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire Historique et Pittoresque du Théâtre" (Paris, 1885):—"The name of 'réplique' is given to the phrase which serves as a signal to the actor either to make his entrance on the stage or to speak in his turn. It is thus essential that the

actor should learn, as well as his own part, the concluding fragments of dialogue given by another actor, and which call for his immediate oral intervention." But it may be asked, first, whether there are any dramatic manuscripts extant marked with Mr. Wedgwood's "Q"; and, next, if no such MSS. exist, whence we got our theatrical "cue" at all? Certainly not from the French. Their theatrical "queue" means the long file of playgoers who wait patiently in front of a theatre for the doors to open.

Count Vilain XIV. again. "M. F." (Ewell) is so good as to say that the reason given in the "Echoes" for the addition of "XIV." to the name of the family of Vilain is not the one that she has heard in Belgium. "It is said," continues "M. F.," "that the first Count Vilain who used the addition went into battle accompanied by fourteen sons; and the King, to commemorate the event, permitted him to append XIV. in numerals to his surname." But who was the King, dear Madam?

"Would you kindly say, through the medium of the 'Echoes,'" writes "J. M. C." (Kirkcaldy, N.B.), "who St. Drostan was? A little information regarding him would oblige." It is but very little information on the subject that I can give my correspondent; but it may gratify him to learn that St. Drostan was a Scotchman of Royal blood, educated under the discipline of the great St. Columba. He was afterwards Abbot of Dalcongaile; but in his old age lived a recluse in a forest. He died about the year 809, and his remains were deposited in a stone coffin at Aberdeen. For further particulars refer to Colgan. Who was Colgan? I do not know the party.

About that cheese:—I mean the monster cheese pertaining to the earlier years of her Majesty's happy reign. A correspondent of Glastonbury (he marks his letter "private," so I do not publish his initials) tells me that the mammoth cheese was made in the year 1842, in the parish of West Pennant, Glastonbury. It was the product of 750 cows, and weighed about thirteen cwt. It was duly presented to the Queen, who hospitably entertained a deputation of cheese-bearers at Buckingham Palace. Unfortunately, the deputation asked permission to make a public exhibition of the cheese; and "there its tears began": it got into Chancery; and nobody knows what was the ultimate fate of that big cheese. Perhaps, it is in Chancery still. Where is Chancery? Or, perhaps, the gigantic cheese was eaten up by costs which were "costs in the cause."

The reputed unluckiness of the opal has, unluckily, brought me a great many more letters on the subject than I can conveniently answer without incurring the risk of boring my readers. But perhaps they will bear with "G. C." who writes that the reason of the evil repute of the opal is that it is so often lost when the hand becomes hot, without the owner being aware of his bereavement. The stone grows bigger and bigger under the influence of heat, and forces open its gold setting. When it becomes cold again, the gem shrinks to its original size. These processes continue until the setting becomes so enlarged that the stone drops out. This is a prosaic but a practical explanation of the superstition.

The Distressed Compiler is neither a poet, nor a judge of poetry, but he takes the liberty of hinting that he was admiringly struck by the easy flow of rhyme and the pleasant Epicurean philosophy in a poem entitled "A Ballade of Content," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Jan. 17. The refrain of "The Ballade" is "Dulce est desipere in loco," and the initials of the poet are "H. E. B." Take this stanza as a taste of the poet's quality:—

However, 'mid the swarms of men,
From throned kings to scavenger,
With sword, or brush, or tongue, or pen,
We strive to make our little stir.
A'l weary souls in prison pent
(What Mr. Sikes would call "in choko")
Yearn for the bow to be unbent:
Dulce est desipere in loco.

This is very sweet: almost Thackerayian, indeed; but what does the bard mean by "choko"? I have never heard of any such word. When Mr. Sikes is in jail his intimates say that he is "in quod"; and the adored one of his heart remarks that "Bill is in trouble." But Private Tommy Atkins, if he has served in India, knows perfectly well that there is a place called "chokee" or "choky" (Hind., *chauki*), meaning a police-station, a lock-up, a black-hole. "Hobson-Jobson" (Colonel Yule and Dr. Burnell's book, and not my dog) says that "choky" in all its senses is probably connected with the Sanskrit *chatur*, and that the original "choky" was perhaps a shed resting on four posts.

There is, by-the-way, a striking portrait of "Hobson-Jobson" (this time the dog, not the book) in the current number of the French *Monde Illustré*; and to the counterfeit presentment of a noble white Pomeranian is an article gravely setting forth how these animals are being systematically trained as "dogs of war" at Lübben, in Prussia, and in Alsace-Lorraine. Every battalion of Prussian Light Infantry is, it would seem, provided with a certain number of "chiens éclaireurs," who accompany the sentinels on outpost duty and act as scouts, and sometimes as skirmishers. After a battle they are to explore the field, and let the doctors know where badly-wounded men are to be found. I can readily understand the value of dogs as attachés to the Intelligence Department.

My illustrated Parisian contemporary amiably suggests that General Boulanger should confront the German Roland with a French Oliver in the shape of contingents of poodles trained to warlike exercises. In default thereof, the *Monde* recommends the organisation of a corps of "dogues-mâtinés," or mastiffs, which should be taught to fly at the throats of the German Hobson-Jobs, and strangle them.

"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," by all means; but will somebody tell me if any monograph has been written about the big dogs which once formed an important fighting element in English armies; which were drilled in regular companies; and,

on being let slip, made straight at the windpipes of the enemy? I think that Henry VIII. once made a present to Francis I. of a pack of such four-footed legionaries; and that Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, took a band of war-dogs with him to Ireland in the days of Queen Bess. But I have no accurate information as to the discipline or attributes of the "dogs of war."

Does the keeper of the archives of the historic house erst of Newberry, "corner of St. Paul's-churchyard," know anything about a book called "The Sugar Plum: Sweet Amusement for Leisure Hours; being an Entertaining and Instructive Collection of Stories" (London, 1795; price 6d.)? A correspondent, "Harrogate," has come across this volume in an old country house, and wishes to know whether "The Sugar Plum" has any value in point of rarity.

Mem.: Another correspondent, "Ryde," wishes to know where a fascinating little tale, called "The First Love of Henry VIII.," is to be found. I refer my querist to the Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, to the Oracle of Delphi, to the Cumcean Sybil, and to Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps the right hon. gentleman wrote the fascinating little tale himself. At all events, he will pen something nice in reply on a post-card.

A "Constant Reader" notices a slight error or two with regard to the allusion to Coleridge's "Knight's Grave" in last week's "Echoes." He says that the Knight was named Sir Arthur O'Kellyn, and not Orellan, and that the last three lines are—

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust:
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

This may or may not be; but an eminent "casuist, who married the daughter of a special pleader," advises me stoutly to maintain that my version is the correct one; and that Coleridge originally called his Knight Sir Arthur Orellan; but after emptying a quart decanter of laudanum, he changed his mind, and altered the name of the Knight to O'Kellyn. "Just compare," adds my casuistical friend, the original "Charge of the Light Brigade" as it appeared in the *Examiner*, with the poem as it stands in the latest edition of Lord Tennyson's works. What has become of the line—

"Charge the guns," Nolan said?

Captain Nolan has dropped out of the running altogether. Stick to Sir Arthur Orellan. A "casuist, who married the daughter of a special pleader," cannot err; and I shall continue to stick to Sir Arthur Orellan, producing, if necessary, autograph letters from Charles Lamb, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, Mr. Gilman (of Highgate), and Coleridge himself to prove that I am right.

The appearance of the third and concluding portion of the "Greville Memoirs" is the literary event of the week. The final budget of reminiscences of the defunct Clerk of the Council is certainly deficient in that spitefulness which made the first two instalments so attractive to spiteful people; but they are, nevertheless, highly amusing. In particular is what Mr. Greville has to say touching the visit of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie to Queen Victoria, at the period when the Crimean War was at its height, worthy of perusal. I note the following:—

The Queen received them with the utmost cordiality, and omitted none of the forms practised between Sovereigns. She met the Imperial pair at the entrance to the castle, embraced the Emperor and then the Empress, when she was presented to her.

Speaking strictly "by the card," I believe that on this momentous occasion the first "embrace" was tendered to our Sovereign by Napoleon III. The French Republican party professed to be highly indignant at this interchange of osculatory salutations between Queen Victoria and "the Man of December"; and Victor Hugo, then in exile at Jersey, penned some bitterly sarcastic stanzas on the Windsor greetings in a journal called *L'Homme*. This publication moved the loyal subjects of the "Duchess of Normandy"—such is the Queen in the Channel Islands—to exceeding wrath; and the Governor of Jersey, a military man, who did not like poetry, had to request the author of "Napoleon le Petit" to find a residence elsewhere. So Victor Hugo shifted his tent to Guernsey.

There are some passages, however, in Mr. Greville's mention of the Imperial visit to England which puzzle me. He says:—

Wherever and whenever they have appeared they have been greeted by enormous multitudes and prodigious acclamations. The Queen is exceedingly pleased with both of them; she thinks the Emperor very natural, graceful, and attractive; and the Emperor frank, cordial, and true. *Everybody is struck by his mean and diminutive figure, and vulgar appearance;* but his manners are good, and not undignified.

In this allusion to the personal aspect of Napoleon III. there is just a touch of the sardonic disparaging old "Gruncher," whom veteran members of Tattersall's remember so well. As a matter of fact, the Emperor Napoleon III., although a man of inconsiderable inches, was neither "mean" in figure nor "vulgar" in appearance. He was nearly as tall as the Great Duke of Wellington, who, by-the-way, was once nicknamed by Daniel O'Connell "a stunted corporal." The Third Napoleon was a magnificent horseman; and in the saddle he looked a tall man. Altogether, his appearance was the very reverse of vulgar; but he had a facial peculiarity of which the ordinarily keenly observant author of the "Greville Memoirs" failed to take notice. He never looked thoroughly awake; and scanning his features, you could scarcely resist the impression that you were looking at a person who was slowly recovering from the effects of some strong narcotic.

Three tiny morsels of "intimate" history about Napoleon III., and I have done:—(1) I believe that he was the first guest who ever smoked a cigar within the punctilious precincts of Windsor Castle. (2) When, after landing at the Admiralty Pier, Dover, he proceeded to the Lord Warden Hotel to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation, he found among the company in the coffee-room a certain English writer, named William Makepeace Thackeray. (3) When, in an open carriage, surrounded by shouting thousands, and with his beautiful consort by his side, he passed through King-street, St. James's, he smilingly pointed out to her the house where he had occupied furnished lodgings, in the days when he was a penniless and discredited Pretender.

G. A. S.

THE LATE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

Died, on Wednesday, the 12th inst., suddenly, of heart disease, at the official residence of the Prime Minister, 10, Downing-street, the Right Hon. Stafford Henry Northcote, G.C.B., Earl of Iddesleigh, and Viscount St. Cyres, of Newton St. Cyres, in the county of Devon, eighth Baronet of Hayne, in the county of Devon, P.C., M.A., D.C.L., Lord Lieutenant of Devon, and late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The deceased Earl was the eldest son of Mr. Henry Stafford Northcote and grandson of Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, seventh Baronet, whom he succeeded as eighth Baronet in 1851. Born Oct. 27, 1818, he married, Aug. 5, 1843, Cecilia Frances, sister of Sir Thomas Henry Farrer, Bart., and has left an eldest son, Walter Stafford, present Earl of Iddesleigh, hitherto called Lord St. Cyres; born Aug. 7, 1845, educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, married in 1868 to eldest daughter of Sir H. Meysey-Thompson, Bart., and having by her a son and heir; his Lordship holding the office of Chairman of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue; also, a second son, the Hon. H. S. Northcote, Financial Secretary at the War Office, elected M.P. for Exeter in 1880; also the Hon. and Rev. J. S. Northcote, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur F. Northcote, the Hon. Elizabeth Mabel Northcote, and several other sons and daughters.

The lamented death of the Earl of Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote), the late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a memoir of whom is given on another page, and his Portrait in our Extra Supplement, made a deep and wide impression of regret throughout England. The Queen immediately sent by telegraph a message to express her feeling at the loss of "a valued and trusted friend and counsellor, for whom she and her family entertained a true personal regard." Her Majesty also made anxious inquiries, and wrote a private letter of sympathy to the Countess of Iddesleigh. The political clubs and associations, in most of the provincial towns, those of the Liberal party most promptly and emphatically, passed resolutions declaring their esteem for the character of the departed statesman. On Sunday, in many London churches and chapels, clergymen and Dissenting ministers alluded to his death, and spoke of him as a true Christian and a man of public and private virtue.

Lady Iddesleigh, who had come up from Exeter with two of her sons, Lord St. Cyres and the Hon. and Rev. John Northcote, on the Wednesday evening after receiving the sad news, returned to her Devonshire home on Saturday. The body of the late Lord Iddesleigh had been taken from Downing-street, immediately after his death, to his house, 30, St. James's-place; on Saturday it was sent to Exeter by the London and South Western Railway, accompanied by his eldest son, now Lord Iddesleigh, Mr. H. S. Northcote, and others of the family. It was met at the Queen-street station, Exeter, by a large assemblage of the citizens, who followed the hearse, drawn by four horses, along the Cowley-bridge-road towards Pynes, but forbore near approach to the residence of the bereaved family.

The Bishop of Exeter, the Right Rev. Dr. Bickersteth, preached on Sunday in the parish church of Upton Pyne, in the absence of the Rector, the Hon. and Rev. John Northcote, and spoke of "our brother who, after having served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep."

FUNERAL OF LORD IDDESLEIGH

Many generations of the Northcotes lie in the church and churchyard of Upton Pyne. The earliest tablet records the virtues and death of "Lucy, wife of Hy. Stafford, Esqre," in 1693, but this was the family burial-place for more than a hundred and fifty years before. The Northcotes had been usually buried in a vault closely adjacent to the church, but it has not been opened since it received the remains of the noble Earl's father thirty-two years ago. The ancestors of the family are interred beneath the floor of the church; but that place of sepulture has necessarily long been given up, the last of the Northcotes buried in the church being Lady Catherine, Lord Iddesleigh's great-grandmother, who died in 1803. A new family vault in the churchyard became, in 1872, the place of interment for the sixth son of Lord Iddesleigh, who died at the age of fifteen; and here, on Tuesday last, his father was buried. About 350 funeral wreaths, one from the Queen, others from the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal family, others from the Foreign Office, and from many Conservative Associations, were laid on the vault, or fastened to the railings.

The funeral service was at three in the afternoon. The hearse, preceded by a servant bearing the late Earl's Orders on a cushion, and followed by more than seventy carriages, with the tenants, friends, and neighbours, went from the mansion of Pynes to the church; the 1st Devon Rifle Volunteers lined the road near the church, and a guard, formed of the staff of the 4th Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, occupied the churchyard. The widowed Countess of Iddesleigh, with her sons and daughters, was at the funeral. The Queen's Equerry, Sir John M'Neill, was there to represent her Majesty. The Earl of Devon, Earl Fortescue, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Poltimore, the Earl of Morley, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Coleridge, and others of the Devonshire nobility and gentry were present.

The coffin was borne from the hearse into the church by eight of Lord Iddesleigh's tenants—farmers of Newton St. Cyres, Upton Pyne, Bramford Speke, Iddesleigh (near Hatherleigh, North Devon), Dowland, and Kennerleigh. It was met at the lych-gate of the churchyard by the officiating clergy—Rev. J. F. Coleridge, Rector of Cadbury, Ottery St. Mary; and the Hon. and Rev. F. G. Pelham, Rector of Lambeth, formerly of Upton Pyne. The Bishop of Exeter had a seat in the chancel of the church. The coffin was set down in the nave; and the choir, assisted by members of an Exeter musical society, sang one of the "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," beginning "Now the labourer's task is o'er." The two officiating clergymen read the first part of the service, which was followed by another hymn, "Let saints on earth in concert sing." The coffin was taken out and laid in the vault. The Bishop read the final prayer, and gave the benediction.

In Exeter Cathedral, at the same hour, there was a special service, with a thronged congregation. The Mayor and Corporation of the city, the representatives of local institutions, and others, came from the Guildhall in procession, with the band of the Devonshire Regiment and the Artillery Volunteers, playing "The Dead March" from "Saul." A choral religious service was performed.

The service in Westminster Abbey, which also took place at



three o'clock on Tuesday, was attended by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, representing the Queen, Colonel Clarke, for the Prince and Princess of Wales, Colonel Colville, for the Duke of Edinburgh, and Sir Howard Elphinstone, for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; by the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Cross, Lord Stanley of Preston, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and other Ministers, with the Lord Chancellor; most of the foreign Ambassadors, and members of both Houses of Parliament, with deputations from the Foreign Office, the Inland Revenue Department, and the University of Edinburgh. The choir, transepts, and part of the nave were filled with the congregation. The Dean of Westminster, accompanied by Canons Duckworth, Rowsell, Furse, and Westcott, and Archdeacon Farrar (who read the concluding prayers), conducted the service; and Spohr's anthem, "Blest are the departed," was sung by the choir.

A service was likewise held in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, at the time of the funeral; it was attended by the Chancellor and other authorities of the University, the Professors, and many graduates. The Senate of the University has passed a resolution bearing testimony to the regard it has always felt for its late Lord Rector.

PREPARING FOR PARLIAMENT.

The painfully sudden death of Lord Iddesleigh on the Twelfth inevitably cast a shadow over the Council of Ministers held by her Majesty at Osborne on the Friday of the past week. It became the sad duty of the Queen (by whom Lord Iddesleigh was held in the highest esteem) to hand the seals of the late Foreign Secretary to the Prime Minister, who had decided to resume the burdens of that onerous office in addition to the supreme responsibilities of the post of Premier. On the same occasion, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith took the oath as First Lord of the Treasury; the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, and Sir Henry Holland respectively received the seals as Secretary for War, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Secretary for the Colonies. Lord Cranbrook was President of the Council. The Cabinet, thus reconstituted, met at Downing-street on Saturday last. It has since been learnt that Sir William Hart Dyke has accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Council. Various rumours are current respecting the alleged intentions of the Government with regard to Ireland; but it will be safest to await the delivery of the Queen's Speech for an authoritative exposition of the views of the Ministry.

Lord Salisbury and Mr Gladstone have issued circulars to their respective supporters in the House of Lords and House of Commons inviting them to be in their places in Parliament on the 27th inst. It has been decided that Parliament shall be opened by Royal Commission.

The Address in answer to the Queen's Speech will be moved in the House of Lords by the Earl of Erne, and seconded by Viscount Torrington. But the deliverance of neither noble Lord is likely to rise above mild paraphrase. Plenty of bold and vigorous, cut and thrust—though hardly sage or prudent—argument has been forthcoming this week from Liverpool. Scarcely in accordance with the eternal fitness of things was it for Mr. Goschen to choose the day of Lord Iddesleigh's funeral for his opening philippic in Hengler's Circus as Unionist candidate for the Exchange division of Liverpool. It was, however, a forcible harangue—a powerful defence of the policy of the Government in Ireland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's candidature is warmly recommended to the Unionists of Liverpool by the Marquis of Hartington. Gladstonian Liberals as stoutly support Mr. Ralph Neville, the Home Rule opponent of Mr. Goschen. The nomination is fixed for Friday, and the ballot for Wednesday next. It may be of interest to give the figures at the last general election:—D. Duncan (H.R.), 2920; L. R. Baily (C.), 2750.

What is commonly called the "Round Table Conference" at Sir William Harcourt's town-house (though as a matter of fact, the table is said to be not round) opened so far satisfactorily for the cause of Liberal reunion that Mr Chamberlain accompanied his august host to his New Forest seat at the close of last week. But reunion will not be practicable without the co-operation of Lord Hartington. Meanwhile, a pleasant new rendezvous for men attached to Unionist principles will be found at the National Union Club in Albemarle-street, a brilliant inaugural banquet at which was genially presided over by Lord Brabourne on Tuesday.

FIGHTING IN BURMAH.

A considerable army, more than thirty thousand soldiers in all, being now at the command of Sir Frederick Roberts in Burmah, it is scarcely expected that the insurgents rallying around any of the numerous pretenders to the native monarchy will be assembled in force to resist the British Government. The pretenders of the Alompra dynasty, or claiming to be connected with it, are being rapidly extinguished, put to flight, or reduced to submission. If there is to be any severe contest, it will be in the Ruby Mines districts of Sagyin and Kyat-pyén, seventy miles north-east of Mandalay, where the native population, of the Shan race, under a local ruler, dispute the possession of the mines with the British Government. A column of troops, commanded by Brigadier-General Stewart, has been sent to that district, which was entered in the last week of December; and on the 24th the enemy, holding a strong position in a gorge on the line of march, were dislodged by the Ghorkas and the 51st. The jungle was thick, and the ground craggy, with precipices on either side. It is said that the right of working the Ruby Mines has been contracted for by a well-known London dealer in precious stones, whose representative accompanies the military expedition; but the rights of the natives will have to be ascertained. Another expedition will be sent to obtain the submission of the Yan tribes, on the west bank of the Irrawaddy, opposite Pagán, and to occupy the whole valley of the Chindwin; and the Isabawah of Wunthoo, also on that side of the river, ruling the Shan Kudus, will be compelled to give assurances for his loyalty to the Government. In the meantime, detachments of British and Indian troops are constantly employed, in many places, hunting out the bands of marauders, the "dacoits," as they would be called in India, who prey on the country wherever they can, and whose depredations are a cause of much suffering to the peaceable inhabitants. Our correspondent, Captain C. Pulley, of the 3rd Ghorkas, sends a sketch of a fighting scene, "Dacoits in Ambush," which is presented on our front page this week.

Mr. Sidney John Hickson, M.A., late Scholar, has been elected Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge.

A most disastrous panic occurred on Tuesday night at the Hebrew Dramatic Club, Princes-street, Spitalfields, resulting in the loss of seventeen lives. The club is a favourite place of amusement among the Jews of the district, entertainments being given almost nightly.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is interesting to observe how quickly the need of educational endowments for women is being met by public-spirited gifts. Mrs. Abel Heywood, wife of the senior Alderman and an ex-Mayor of Manchester, died recently, at the ripe age of seventy-five. By her will she bequeaths the sum of ten thousand pounds to Owens College, Manchester, "to be applied for the purpose of making proper provision for the instruction of women in the said College, or for assisting women and girls who shall be students in or desirous of entering the said college." Owens College, I believe, does already make full provision for female students, and this generous bequest will therefore be received by the governors and applied in the spirit of its donor.

Mrs. Abel Heywood was a noteworthy woman. Had she been a man, she would long ago have been knighted for her public services in Manchester. In her early youth, she was the principal actor in an ill-fated adventure, which is graphically described, partly from Mrs. Heywood's own recollections, in Mrs. Linnaea Banks's well-known novel entitled "The Manchester Man." It was in 1828, when Mrs. Heywood, then Miss Elizabeth Grimes, was only seventeen years old. The first vessel belonging to a new company "for the better navigation of the Irwell" was to be launched, and Miss Grimes was honoured with the invitation to christen the ship with the customary ceremony. The young girl duly dashed the wine against the bows and named the vessel, and the Emma glided into the water amidst the hurrahs of the large company on deck, and of the thousands of spectators on shore. But the bows dipped too deeply; the vessel heeled over instantly, and sank on its side, carrying the unfortunate holiday party down into the cold waters of a February day. Though abundant help was at hand, thirty-three persons were drowned.

Miss Grimes, having escaped this great peril, was married, in due course, to Mr. Goadsby, who became Mayor of Manchester during the worst year of the Cotton Famine. The Mayoress threw herself into the work of relieving the distress with a self-devotion and a business capacity that won universal admiration and gratitude from the people. In 1866 Mrs. Goadsby, then a widow, presented Manchester with a fine statue of the Prince Consort, which stands in Albert-square. A year or two later she vindicated her personal Radicalism and Unitarian love of religious freedom by giving to the town another noble statue—this time representing England's citizen ruler and staunch supporter of religious liberty, Oliver Cromwell. After Mrs. Goadsby's marriage with Mr. Heywood, she was again Mayoress of Manchester. She has been a benefactress of that town in many more ways than space permits me to recount, and her bequest will permanently associate her memory with her native place in a very worthy way.

"The dressing of the table 'tis a rare talent, and always was," sighs the author of "Tancred." At this time of year, it is peculiarly difficult to make an elegant and effective arrangement, cut flowers being so expensive, and, indeed, almost unprocureable under some circumstances; while greenery is sadly scarce. In spring every hedgerow supplies material for beautifying the table. It is not so now; yet, in situations that are not very bleak, it is still possible to find in the hedgerows something that will help us. The wild ivy, in default of other greenery, is serviceable; trails of it may droop from the central épergne, and may even, after being washed and wiped, be laid upon the tablecloth around the centre. Faded leaves, too, are not all gone; and their colouring is exquisite beyond the power of the artist's hand. In some places, the bramble still keeps its gorgeous tints. In Devonshire, I have seen oak-trees yet bearing leaves in the month of January, only letting a few fall, day by day, as though reluctantly, but inevitably, parting with the charms of the summer. Tinted leaves form a most effective decoration if laid round the fruit-stands in the centre of the table, not always in a stiff straight line, but in a waved pattern, symmetrically placed on either side of the centre. Or again, a single small spray of white geranium or a solitary chrysanthemum is sufficient for each specimen glass if it be backed up by a cluster of shaded leaves.

It may be laid down as a cardinal rule that anything natural, however simple, is preferable as a matter of good taste, and sure to be more acceptable to the diners than artificial decorations. I saw a table the other day on which the deficiency of flowers had led to a painful and glaring employment of other means of adornment. The centre was a small mirror plateau, supporting an épergne of tinted glass in which were a few flowers of many hues and various kinds. Round the base of the plateau was a wreath of yellow sickly-looking dried moss; on either side of this stood an odious white and bouquet-painted flower-pot, with a struggling fern growing up in it; then at each end came a silver candelabrum; and a wreath of artificial green leaves sprinkled with some shining frosting powder were laid round this centre arrangement on the table-cloth. Dishes of oranges and sweet biscuits formed the corners. In front of each guest, where a specimen-glass of flowers should have been, there was placed instead a gay-coloured box of chocolate. I do not know if this all sounds as bad as it certainly looked; but for my part I felt sadly as I sat down at the table that I wished it were decorated with nothing more ambitious than a cruet-stand, rather than with this mixture of glaring colours and reminders of oilmen's shops.

When flowers and greenery cannot be had, fruit must be the great resource. Oranges are a great comfort, because they possess both rich colour and good form. Almonds and muscatels are nice to see on the table in their contrast of colour, provided the almonds be blanched. This should always be done, not merely for the appearance, but also for the sake of the agreeableness in eating. The process is simple enough. Boiling water poured on the kernels and allowed to remain for a minute or two, enables the skins to be easily rubbed off by a gentle pressure between finger and thumb with a clean napkin—the almonds bought in the shell, and freshly cracked for blanching, are incomparably better than the dried-up kernels which the grocer keeps. Apples which are very nice to eat are not always so interesting to the eye, and this point must be borne in mind if we have to rely upon fruit for the appearance of the table.

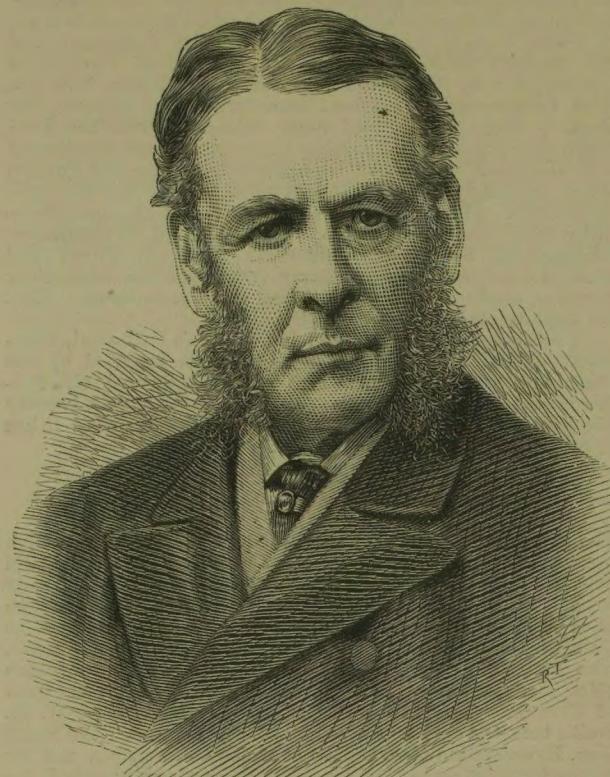
Salad, so much neglected in England, will make an admirable centre for the table, if well arranged in a deep glass bowl. Of course another high compote of fruit must be on the side-board ready to place in the centre when the salad is removed to serve; but by the time that this course is reached the interest of the table decoration will be partially exhausted, and this amount of disarrangement of it will not matter. When I speak of salad I do not refer to mere common-place lettuce or endive, but to something uncommon in itself, to arouse a little anticipation and curiosity on the part of the guests, and something which at the same time gives variety of colouring and shape. Imagine, for instance, the contrast between haricot beans and Russian caviare neatly arranged in the glass bowl! But I have no space left this week for the salad subject, to me a most fascinating one. It must stand over.

F. F. M.

THE LATE SERJEANT BALLANTINE.

The death, on Sunday, the 9th inst., of this able and popular barrister, whose book, "Reminiscences of a Barrister's Life," published in 1882, recalled many anecdotes within the memory of his contemporaries, is worthy of record among the social events of the day, though he had retired for some years past from professional practice. William Ballantine was born in London on Jan. 3, 1812, son of the magistrate of the Thames Police Court. He was not educated at any public school or University, but studied for the Bar, to which he was called, at the Inner Temple, in June, 1834. He soon won a good practice, being distinguished especially for his skill and acuteness in cross-examination, as well as in advocating cases before the jury. In 1846, he was raised to the degree of Serjeant-at-Law. Among the most famous trials in which he was employed were the prosecution of Madame Rachel for fraud; the prosecution of Müller, in 1864, for the murder of Mr. Briggs in a carriage of a North London Railway train; the first Tichborne trial, in 1871, when Serjeant Ballantine was engaged for "the Claimant," but finally threw up the case; and when, in 1875, he went to India and defended the Gaekwar of Baroda on the charge of having attempted to poison the British Resident, Colonel Phayre. The defence was not entirely successful, for though the result was an acquittal, the British and native Commissioners were divided as to his guilt, and the Gaekwar was deposed. In 1869, Serjeant Ballantine was appointed by the House of Commons to assist the then Attorney-General for Ireland, now Lord Justice Barry, in the criminal proceedings taken against Mr. O'Sullivan, Mayor of Cork, who was said to have publicly eulogised a Fenian for trying to murder the Duke of Edinburgh in Australia. Mr. O'Sullivan, however, resigned his office, and the proceedings were allowed to drop. Serjeant Ballantine was a very amusing public speaker, and a still more amusing companion in private society. He was well acquainted with the London theatrical world.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street.



THE LATE SERJEANT BALLANTINE.

THE IRISH LAND WAR.

The National League has apparently not abandoned its "Plan of Campaign," which has been declared to be illegal. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., though held by the Court of Queen's Bench under bail for his good behaviour, made a speech at Enniscorthy last Sunday, decanting on the Vinegar Hill rebellion of 1798, which he said thousands of Irishmen would be willing to imitate; and vehemently advocating the refusal of rents, to make the people owners of the land. In Kerry, on Wednesday week, Mr. Harrington, M.P., presented himself at the eviction of thirty tenants on the Glenbeigh estate, belonging to the Hon. Rowland Winn, between Killorglin and Cahirciveen, where the rents were from three to five or six years in arrear. The agent and bailiffs, with the deputy Under-Sheriff, supported by fifty of the police constabulary, demolished the cottages, setting fire to the thatched roofs. At Rossmanagher, near Sixmilebridge, in county Clare, a hundred constabulary were employed by the sub-sheriff in an eviction on the property of Mr. H. V. D'Esterre. The chapel bell was rung, and five hundred people collected and hooted the sheriff and his officers. The tenant, John Frost, owed four years' rent, the total amount, with costs, due to the landlord being close on £700. Frost's case had been taken up by the parish priest of Sixmilebridge, the Rev. Father Little, who took an active part in resisting the eviction. When they reached Frost's farmyard, the door of the house had been removed, and the doorway barricaded with gates fastened inside with chains, Father Little being in the passage, and having a portion of the chains attached to the gate round his body, rendering it impossible to remove the gates without dragging him outside. The Sheriff, with his party, arrived, and an hour and a half was occupied in removing a heap of stones and getting instruments to batter down the gates. The crowd in the yard began to assume a threatening demeanour, and the constables were ordered to draw their batons and disperse the mob, who took to flight. Meanwhile Father Little's appeals to the bailiffs had the desired effect, and they refused to continue the work. The eviction had to be abandoned, but a settlement was eventually arrived at, on the offer of the tenant to buy the farm at eighteen years' purchase.



THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND: BARRICADE OF FELLED TREES TO OBSTRUCT CONSTABULARY.



CONSTABULARY BOGGED ON THE ROAD TO AN EVICTION.



BRIDGING OVER A DIFFICULTY.



DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"They'll take their turn after *you*," he said, grimly, picking up a wrap from the railing and throwing it over her shoulders.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.* BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

By noon of the following day the coast of the Peninsula of California had been sighted to leeward. The lower temperature of the north-west trades had driven Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb into their state-rooms to consult their wardrobes in view of an impending change from the light muslins and easy languid toilettes of the Tropics. That momentous question for the moment held all other topics in abeyance; and even Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene, though they still kept the deck, in shawls and wraps, sighed over this feminine evidence of the gentle passing of their summer holiday. The gentlemen had already mounted their pea-jackets and over-coats, with the single exception of Señor Perkins, who, in chivalrous compliment to the elements, still bared his unfeathered throat and forehead to the breeze. The aspect of the coast, as seen from the Excelsior's deck, seemed to bear out Mr. Banks' sweeping indictment of the day before. A few low, dome-like hills, yellow and treeless as sand dunes, scarcely raised themselves above the horizon. The air, too, appeared to have taken upon itself a dry asperity; the sun shone with a hard practical brilliancy. Miss Keene raised her eyes to Señor Perkins with a pretty impatience that she sometimes indulged in, as one of the privileges of accepted beauty and petted youth.

"I don't think much of your peninsula," she said, pouting. "It looks dreadfully flat and uninteresting. It was a great deal nicer on the other coast, or even at sea."

"Perhaps you are judging hastily, my dear young friend," said Señor Perkins, with habitual tolerance. "I have heard

that behind those hills, and hidden from sight in some of the cañons, are perfect little Edens of beauty and fruitfulness. They are like some ardent natures that cover their approaches with the ashes of their burnt up fires, but only do it the better to keep intact their glowing, vivifying, central heat."

"How very poetical, Mr. Perkins!" said Mrs. Markham, with blunt admiration. "You ought to put that into verse."

"I have," returned Señor Perkins, modestly. "They are some reflections on—I hardly dare call them an apostrophe to—the crater of Colima! If you will permit me to read them to you this evening, I shall be charmed. I hope also to take that opportunity of showing you the verses of a gifted woman, not yet known to fame, Mrs. Euphemia M'Corkle, of Peoria, Illinois."

Mrs. Markham coughed slightly. The gifted M'Corkle was already known to her through certain lines quoted by the Señor; and the entire cabin had one evening fled before a larger and more ambitious manuscript of the fair Illinoisian. Miss Keene, who dreaded the reappearance of this poetical phantom that seemed to haunt the Señor's fancy, could not, however, forget that she had been touched on that occasion by a kindly moisture of eye and tremulousness of voice in the reader; and, in spite of the hopeless bathos of the composition, she had forgiven him. Though she did not always understand Señor Perkins, she liked him too well to allow him to become ridiculous to others; and, at the present moment, she promptly interposed with a charming assumption of coquetry.

"You forget that you promised to let me read the manuscript first, and in private, and that you engaged to give me my revenge at chess this evening. But do as you like. You are all fast becoming faithless. I suppose it is because our holiday is drawing to a close and we shall soon forget we ever had any, or be ashamed we ever played so long. Everybody seems to be getting nervous and fidgetty and preparing for civilisation again; Mr. Banks, for the last few days, has dressed himself

regularly as if he were going down town to his office, and writes letters in the corner of the saloon as if it were a counting-house. Mr. Crosby and Mr. Winslow do nothing but talk of their prospects, and I believe they are drawing up articles of partnership together. Here is Mr. Brace frightening me by telling me that my brother will lock me up to keep the rich miners from laying their bags of gold dust at my feet; and Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb assure me that I haven't a decent gown to go ashore in."

"You forget Mr. Hurlstone," said Brace, with ill-concealed bitterness; "he seems to have time enough on his hands, and I daresay would sympathise with you. You women like idle men."

"If we do, it's because only the idle men have the time to amuse us," retorted Miss Keene. "But," she added, with a laugh, "I suppose I'm getting nervous and fidgetty myself: for I find myself every now and then watching the officers and men, and listening to the orders as if something were going to happen again. I never felt so before; I never used to have the least concern in what you call 'the working of the ship,' and now"—her voice, which had been half playful, half pettish, suddenly became grave—"and now—look at the mate and those men forward. There certainly is something going on, or is going to happen. What are they looking at?"

The mate had clambered half-way up the main ratlines, and was looking earnestly to windward. Two or three of the crew on the forecastle were gazing in the same direction. The group of cabin-passengers on the quarter-deck following their eyes, saw what appeared to be another low shore on the opposite bow.

"Why, there's another coast there!" said Mrs. Markham.

"It's a fog-bank," said Señor Perkins, gravely. He quickly crossed the deck, exchanged a few words with the officer, and returned. Miss Keene, who had felt a sense of relief, nevertheless questioned his face as he again stood

THE PLAYHOUSES.

We hear much of spoliation, proposed and actual, in these days of strife, competition, and discord, but it is surely carrying the joke of annexation a little too far when there is an organised conspiracy against a poor critic's conscientious opinion! Once upon a time I thought I had certain definite views on the subject of plays and players; and, with the consent of my co-workers, I have hitherto been permitted to express them pretty freely, both here and elsewhere, for some twenty odd years. But all that is changed. Mr. William Archer, of the *World* and the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones apparently as his assessor, have elected themselves to judicial seats in a self-constituted court of critical appeal, and they make a determined attempt to silence down, to browbeat, and to ridicule any opinion conscientiously given that does not happen to agree with their own. Obstinate as it may appear, notwithstanding the very unusual public appeal against my humble and insignificant judgment, I am, strange to say, still unconvinced on the subject of the merit of "A Noble Vagabond" as a work of art, and as a play ever likely to attain lasting popularity. The specious arguments of my distinguished fellow-journalist, directed in favour of his own perspicacity and my own lamentable ignorance; the managerial advertisements proclaiming the value of "Archer's mount" and the pitiful humiliation of a brother critic's fall; the silly letters, full of miserable innuendo, from such distinguished playgoers as Brown, Smith, and Robinson, who back the erudite Archer simply because he has had the last word in his own curiously constructed court, leave me still firm and inflexible, prepared to hold to my original opinion, and standing to my guns. I shall have occasion by-and-by to discuss the poor lame Vagabond, robbed of his nobility, and pleading for crumbs of comfort at the roadside—a mendicant who may exist a little longer on the critical alms of the charitable, like kind-hearted and disinterested Mr. Archer; but meanwhile I wonder if that excellent critic and authority, whose word means law, will allow me most humbly and deferentially to congratulate his friend Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on the success of his new Haymarket play, "Hard Hit"? In common with many others, in a deeply attentive and highly interested audience, I followed the fortunes of a certain fair Bertha, who, having been married to a weak and irresolute gambler, jeopardises her honour in loyally defending him against the deadly arrows of Fate. The new play is wholly pure; its characters are clearly and consistently drawn; and it cannot fail to interest, and at times to excite, those less exacting playgoers who do not know, as we do, every combination of sound that can be extracted from the dramatic instrument. Amongst many minor incidents, not one of which is obtrusive or out of place, the author has prepared for us with elaborate ingenuity one bold and striking scene. This is the one where the guiltless wife, with a view to saving her husband from ruin, is entrapped into the villain's chambers, and has to defend herself single-handed against father, husband, friends, and a crowd of sneering sceptics. The situation may not be exactly new, but it is worked up to its climax with distinct power, and is so well acted by all concerned that a gloss of novelty comes over a familiar dramatic position. Miss Marion Terry, by her nervous power and intensity, her true pathos and her welcome eloquence; Mr. Beerbohm Tree, by his new study of polished and courteous rascality, so good, so incisive, and so highly artistic that it makes one wish to see him play the real Iago in the true "Othello"; Mr. E. S. Willard, who, for the moment, has abandoned scoundrels and plays an old man of the world, tender-hearted and trusting, in a truly delightful and natural manner; assisted by Mr. Frank Archer, Mr. Henry Kemble, and some clever young actors, in minor characters, make of this one scene a very creditable specimen indeed of modern art. Not that the play depends wholly for success on its brightest picture. Quite the contrary. Mr. Arthur Dacre, passionate and intense, alternately madly jealous and pitifully suppliant; Miss Lydia Cowell, clever in every line and sentence allotted to the sympathetic servant-girl, help the play along whenever they are called upon to do so, and each one and all contribute their share to the success of what may be fairly called one of the best acted modern plays now to be seen in London. Mr. Archer professes to take exceptional delight in what he calls a "well-made play," and seems to think, as so many do, that those who linger on the charm of acting and insist on the admission of an occasional sunlight ray of sentiment, have no idea what a well-made play is when they see one. I think "Hard Hit," though occasionally a little laboured in effort, is, from the point of view of dramatic effect, a decidedly well-made play, with the additional charm of strong human interest. In plays, I own that I prefer humanity to mere abstract cleverness. Many a genuine tear will be shed over scenes in which Miss Terry, Mr. Willard, and Miss Lydia Cowell are engaged at the Haymarket. But a sensitive crocodile could not weep over one character or scene in "A Noble Vagabond."

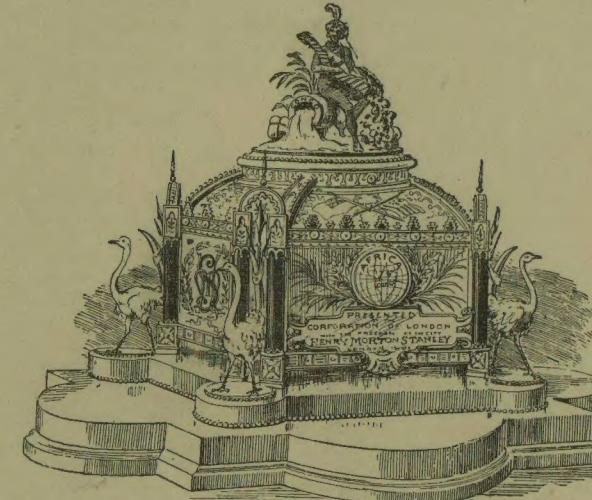
The company at the popular little Globe Theatre has done such excellent work for so long a time that they can be allowed cheerfully to reap the fruits of their success. After such plays as "The Private Secretary" and "The Pickpocket," and, considering the reputation they have made for the theatre, it does not very much matter what style or class of play happens to follow them. The thousands who, after a long, tiring day, want a good laugh before they go to bed; the talkative suburban residents; the cheerful country cousins, who treasure the pictures of past successes and old favourites, will be certain to repair to the Globe to see what Mr. Penley is like, and what Mr. W. J. Hill is doing, and how far "The Lodgers" falls short of or exceeds the humour displayed in other farces. Criticism, adverse or complimentary, does not guide such playgoers as these. They are certain to go where they have been amused before. Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Maurice De Verney have done all that could be done with the old French vaudeville "Ma Nièce et Mon Ours," provided it was settled to retain it in its original lengthened form. Their dialogue is brisk, they have appreciated the funny situations prepared for them, and they have done their best to conceal, as far as they could, the inherent weakness of the play on which they worked. An American would say, "It is too thin." Comedy, in its truer and better sense, is so seldom found that it is necessary to fall back upon the rough practical fun that delighted our ancestors, and may yet prove acceptable to not very serious-minded playgoers. Mr. Penley is, externally, as funny as ever. But we have to laugh at him rather than with him. His comical little figure, with his indiarubber face, his eye-glass, his tight attire, and his Glengarry cap, are a continual source of amusement, and he is engaged in physical exercise that the gallery appear to appreciate. The hand-to-hand contests between little Mr. Penley and burly men twice his size have great fascination for the admirers of modern farce in its most exaggerated form. Mr. W. J. Hill is, attired for the moment in the greenish corduroy of a railway porter, a sort of bullying misanthrope, who has married an independent little woman who speaks her own mind freely, to the utter discomfiture of her surly spouse. When Mr. Hill is more perfect with the

text, his funny scenes with Miss Brough will go better than they did on the first night. No fault could possibly be found with the acting, as far as it went. Miss Fanny Brough, as an exalted cook, attired in a green satin gown and an alarming "dress improver"; Mr. Charles Glenny, as a boisterous Irishman, who, having made a savings'-box of the head of a stuffed bear, follows his missing treasure disconsolately about the country; M. De Verney, as an excited Frenchman; and Miss Horlock with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, as a pretty pair of lovers, do all that can be done for a farce that depends for success more on the stage-manager than on the actor's art. The business of jumping in and out of boxes, through one door and out at another, and the duty of timing the efforts are of more consequence than skill in delineating character. Messrs. Hill, Penley, and Co. enter into competition with the Martinetti or Edmonds family; and the "rallies" are not unworthy of first-class pantomime. One thing is certain. Whatever is done is well done, and there may be playgoers who prefer this kind of bustle to the best comedy ever written. It will take a long time to exhaust the playgoers, who are sure to see everything that is played at the Globe; and they must not be so exacting as to require a "Private Secretary" or a "Pickpocket" every year. The welcome given to "The Lodger" was very promising for its future success.

For over three hundred nights the Lyceum version of "Faust" has now been played, and it is going as well as ever, thanks to the indefatigable interest taken in the work by Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the other members of the famous company. On Tuesday last it was expected that Mr. Irving would have made one of his happy speeches, and alluded to the future of the season, and the time that must elapse between now and his departure for America. But he contented himself with accepting the cordial compliment of congratulation, and of bowing his thanks to a crowded house. C. S.

MR. H. M. STANLEY AND THE CITY.

The City Corporation of London, in a Court of Common Council held at Guildhall last week, presented the freedom of the City to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer and director of the colonising establishments on the Congo. He has now started for Zanzibar, in order to take command of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, at Wadai, north of the Lake Albert Nyanza, and a thousand miles south of Khartoum. The presentation was followed, in the evening, by a banquet at the



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. H. M. STANLEY, WITH FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding. The gold casket, which was enclosed the illuminated certificate, was designed by Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of the Poultry. It is of Arabesque design, standing on a base of Algerine onyx, surmounted by a plinth of ebony, with an ivory ostrich standing at each corner, an elephant's tusk curving over each bird. The panels and roof are of ivory, bearing the monogram "H. M. S.", that of the Lord Mayor, and a miniature map of Africa, and the following inscription:—"Presented by the Corporation of the City of London, along with the freedom of the City, to Mr. Henry Morton Stanley, Guildhall, Jan. 13, 1887," surmounting the whole. On an oval platform is an allegorical figure of the Congo Free State, seated by the course of the great river from which it derives its name.

MUSIC.

The seventh of the series of London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall—conducted by Mr. Henschel—took place last week. The programme included a serenade for stringed instruments (by Mr. Arthur Foote, an American composer), which was given for the first time in England. The work consists of three movements, respectively headed—"Allegro Comodo," "Andante con Moto," and "Gavotte." Each division contains some smooth and pleasing music, which, however, is rather monotonous in character, and would perhaps have proved more interesting had it been written for an orchestra comprising wind instruments. It suffered by contrast with Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," which preceded it. That fine work has been but too little heard in this country since its introduction at the Crystal Palace concert nearly twenty years ago. It was not held in great favour by its composer, who would doubtless have remodelled it had his life been prolonged—yet, as it is, it is a production of real genius such as no living composer could equal. Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont," and that to Wagner's "Tannhäuser," respectively opened and closed the concert now referred to; a specialty in the instrumental selection having been Herr Stavenhagen's remarkably fine execution of Liszt's second pianoforte concerto (in A)—an eccentric and laboured work, which derived a factitious importance from its admirable rendering by its composer's pupil. The concert included only one vocal piece, Salomé's scena, "Celui dont la parole efface toutes peines," from M. Massenet's opera "Hérodiade," effectively sung by Miss A. Marriott. The eighth concert took place on Thursday evening, and must be noticed next week.

The specialty at the Popular Concert of last Saturday afternoon, at St. James's Hall, was the appearance of Señor A. Cor-de-Lass, a Spanish pianist, who made a very favourable impression by his solo performances in Chopin's posthumous "Polonaise" and Ballade in A flat, in which the executant displayed much neat and facile execution, with some want of the power requisite in a large room. Vocal pieces were rendered by Mrs. Henschel with much refinement. Other items of the programme call for no comment.—At this week's evening concert, on Monday, Mrs. Henschel was again the vocalist and Miss Fanny Davies the solo pianist. The vocal pieces,

rendered with much expression, were an air by Rameau (the flute obligato to which was finely played by Mr. Svendsen) and lieder by Brahms. Miss Davies's solo was Beethoven's sonata in A, Op. 101, which she played with her usual success. Madame Norman-Néruda was again the leading violinist.

The fourth vocal recital of Mr. W. Nicholl—a rising young vocalist—took place last week, and included a performance of Schumann's "Minnespiel," a characteristic work, which had the interest of comparative novelty, as far as London is concerned. Mr. Nicholl sustained the tenor part in association with Miss Phillips, Madame Fassett, and Mr. Bridson. The important pianoforte part was ably sustained by Miss Carmichael, by whom the English version of the words was supplied.

Last week's music included a pianoforte recital, at St. James's Hall, by Herr Schönberger, a German pianist of repute, who manifested special, if somewhat unequal, merits in his performance of a series of solo pieces by various composers. Of the pianist's qualities we shall soon have further occasion to speak.

Herr Stavenhagen gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Of the exceptional powers of the pianist mention is made above. These were again manifested in a selection from the works of Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann, and Chopin. In some instances, as in the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Herr Stavenhagen's tone was much too subdued for so large a space as that of St. James's Hall. He was heard to most advantage in demonstrative bravura passages, such as those in Liszt's music.

This week's London Ballad Concert, at St. James's Hall, was an afternoon performance, the programme of which was of the usual varied and excellent character. Among the features of last week's concert was the successful production of a new song, "The Star of Bethlehem," composed by Stephen Adams, and finely sung by Mr. E. Lloyd.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (conducted by Mr. Barnby) gave the fifth concert of the sixteenth season during this week, the programme having comprised Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" and Mr. C. V. Stanford's setting of Tennyson's poem "The Revenge," works that have been already noticed by us in reference to their first production at the Leeds Festival in October, and their subsequent repetitions in London.

The Sacred Harmonic Society announced the third concert of its present season for yesterday (Friday) evening, with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

This (Saturday) evening—unless suddenly postponed—a dramatic and musical specialty will occur in the production (at the Savoy Theatre) of the new comic opera, entitled "Ruddigore; or, The Witch's Curse," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 18.

This week, the Parisians have been so much occupied with dramatic and other fêtes that politics can claim but very little attention. The Chambers have resumed their labours; M. Floquet, on being re-elected to the presidency, made a very elegant speech, which everybody applauded. On Sunday, in the department of the Manche, a Republican was elected deputy by a majority of 10,000; whereas at the election of October, 1885, the Republican list was in a minority of from 5000 to 6000 votes. This victory has caused much joy amongst the Republican politicians, and, together with the implicitly pacific speech of Bismarck, has produced a current of optimist opinion. The business of the Chamber has been the voting of Budget and of the credits for the sub-prefectures, the refusal of which caused the fall of the Freycinet Ministry.

On Sunday the first of the long-expected series of bullfights took place at the Hippodrome, in the presence of an immense audience, for the vast establishment was literally crowded to the roof. The spectacle was, on the whole, rather monotonous, though there were a few uncontestedly exciting moments, when the Parisians did not spare their applause.

The dramatic week has been marked by two important events—the production of a new piece by George Ohnet at the Gymnase, "La Comtesse Sarah," and of a new piece by Alexandre Dumas, "Francillon," at the Comédie Française. M. Ohnet's piece will doubtless prove to be a pecuniary success, thanks to well-combined theatrical and melodramatic effects; but, from a literary point of view, it is a sad production, and the characters are most unsympathetic and indecent people. The plot of the piece turns upon circumstances which are so unfamiliar to English readers that I will not risk their analysis. The society which M. Dumas depicts is quite exceptional; the characters of his play are equally exceptional; the whole action of the piece is exceptional, and if narrated in all its crudity would uselessly shock the reader. Happily, the Parisians are not to be judged from the pictures of them which M. Dumas has given us in his pieces. Well, in spite of all these reserves, which the Parisians themselves make as well as we puritanical English, "Francillon" is a most fascinating, most amusing, and most witty piece. M. Dumas has never written more sparkling dialogue, and never satirised more pungently certain phases of Parisian aristocratic corruption. The success of the piece last night was unmeasured, and in this success the actors had their share, for their play was perfection. The creation of the rôle of Francillon will augment the already brilliant renown of Mlle. Bartet. Mdlles. Pierson and Reichenberg are beyond praise. MM. Thiron, Worms, Laroche, and Feuvre act their parts admirably. In short, the performance of the piece is perfection, and from the scenic point of view the piece is perfection also.

Sir Saul Samuel has been appointed to represent New South Wales at the Colonial Conference to be held in April next.

A photograph of Pynes House, by Mr. C. Keeping, of Exeter, has been of service in drawing one of our Illustrations.

Mr. J. Howe Clifford gave one of his pleasant dramatic recitals at Ladbrooke Hall on Tuesday evening.

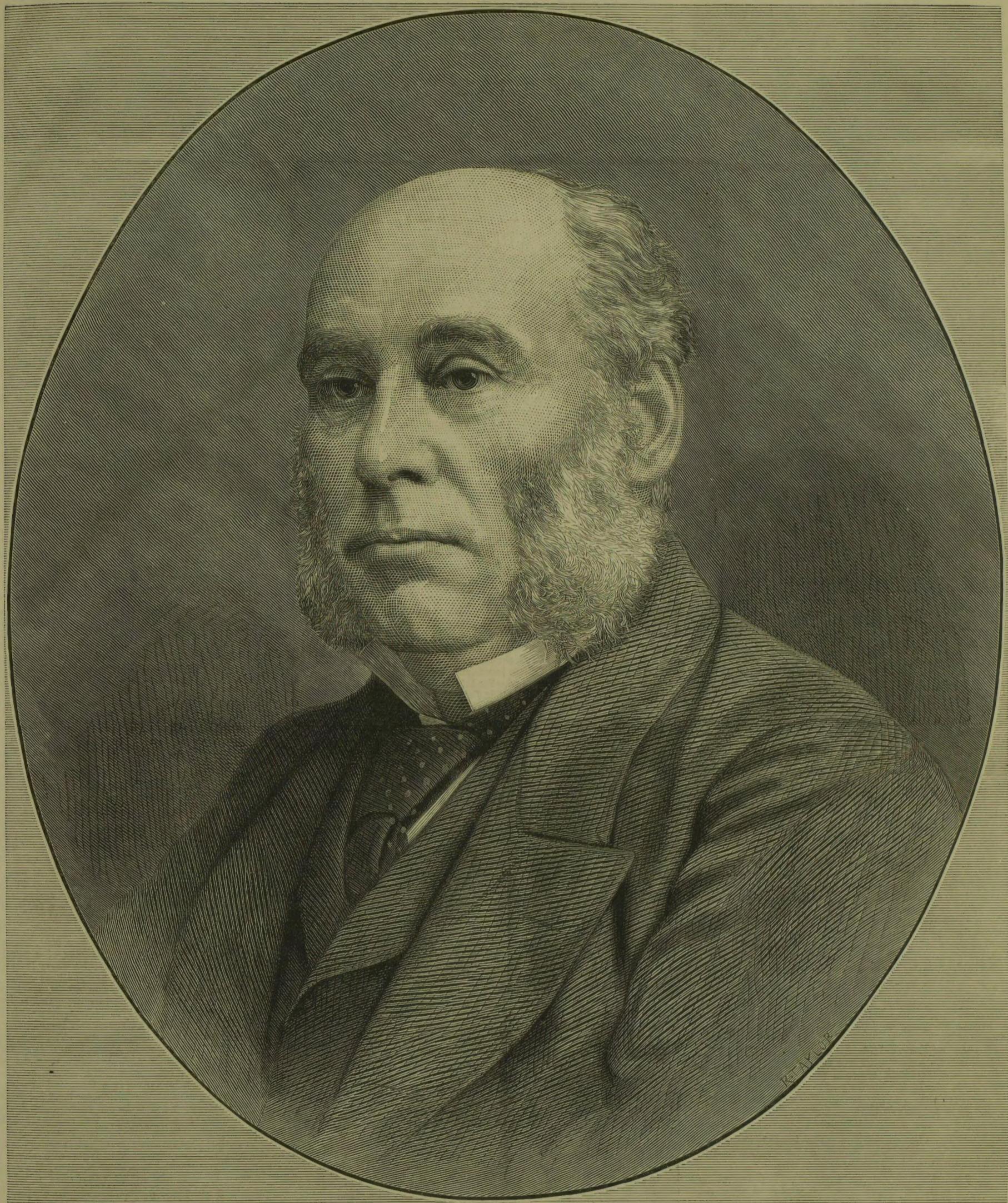
Mr. Clement Scott's popular play, "Jack in the Box," with Miss Florence West as the heroine, will be brought out at the Strand Theatre on Feb. 7.

The Portrait of Sir Richard Burton is from a photograph by Messrs. Kingsbury and Notcutt, of St. George's Place, Knightsbridge; and that of Lady Burton from one by Manenizza, of Trieste.

In London 2623 births and 1860 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 283 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 19, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Winter Exhibition of the Kennel Club has been held at the Crystal Palace this week. The entries were nearly 1600 in number, and the classes of mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, pointers, setters, fox-terriers, spaniels, and sheep-dogs were exceptionally strong.





THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

One of the shrewdest and best judges of men, the late Earl of Beaconsfield ever kept his eyes vigilantly open for conspicuous talent that might be made available for the service of the State. Thus it came about that very soon after Mr. William Henry Smith entered the House of Commons, the late Leader of the Conservative Party clearly discerned the high promise his industrious follower gave of plain-spoken force and readiness in debate. The great administrative ability Mr. Smith has displayed in various Ministerial offices of increasing importance since Lord Beaconsfield appointed him Financial Secretary to the Treasury amply justified the Marquis of Salisbury in promoting the right hon. gentleman portrayed above to the onerous post of Leader of the House of Commons, in succession to the brilliant but unstable young politician, Lord Randolph Churchill. We have no doubt the sterling common-sense and tact of Mr. W. H. Smith, joined to his

Parliamentary experience and happy terseness of speech, will enable him to discharge his new duties to the full satisfaction of the House.

Son of Mr. W. H. Smith, founder of the great firm of wholesale newsagents in the Strand, one of the most remarkable organisations of modern times, the future Minister was born in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, on the Twenty-fourth of June, 1825. The new First Lord of the Treasury is, accordingly, but a few years the senior of the Prime Minister. Educated at Tavistock Grammar School, Mr. William Henry Smith trained himself for his Parliamentary career by a long period of close application to business, securing the high regard and confidence of numbers of fellow-residents in the borough of Westminster. It was in the July of 1863 that he was emboldened to contest Westminster in the Conservative interest. He was unsuccessful the first

time of asking. But he had the honour of being elected member for Westminster in preference to the late John Stuart Mill in the November of 1868. Mr. Smith retained this seat till the Redistribution Act multiplied the number of constituencies. It was obviously appropriate that the Strand division should at the General Election of November, 1885, find, as it did, a congenial first member in Mr. W. H. Smith, rechosen for the Strand by 5054 votes over his Home Rule antagonist on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's last appeal to the country on the Irish Question in 1886.

Kind-hearted, considerate, and thoroughly courteous to all, the Right Hon. William Henry Smith has acquitted himself admirably in every Ministerial office he has filled. His long administrative training in a vast commercial organisation, extending wherever railways run in the United Kingdom, naturally equipped him well for the Financial Secretaryship

to the Treasury, which he held under Lord Beaconsfield from the February of 1874 to the August of 1877. It was in the last-named year that the same eminent statesman, at the most critical period of the Russo-Turkish War, made Mr. Sinith First Lord of the Admiralty; and the right hon. gentleman remained "Ruler of the Queen's Navy" till the retirement of the Beaconsfield Administration in 1880. The "Hundred Millions Budget" of Mr. Childers bringing about the defeat of the Gladstone Government in the summer of 1885, the Marquis of Salisbury became Prime Minister for the first time, and chose Mr. W. H. Smith as Secretary for War, an office which he resumed on Lord Salisbury's return to power last year. The secession of Lord Randolph Churchill necessitating a reconstitution of the Ministry, Lord Salisbury prevailed upon Mr. Smith to surrender the Secretaryship of War, and to take the First Lordship of the Treasury, with the Leadership of the House of Commons. It should be added that Mr. W. H. Smith married Emily, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Dawes Danvers, in 1858; and the right hon. gentleman is, doubtless, in no small measure indebted for the good health he enjoys to the habit of spending as much time as he can spare from public duties with his family in his charming home at Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of 246, Regent-street.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD-FIELDS.

News of the discovery of auriferous deposits in South Africa comes opportunely, when the supply of gold is acknowledged to be too small for the world's trade. The De Kaap gold-fields, in the Transvaal territory, are the most promising of the auriferous districts. Gold is found there in quartz veins and lodes over a considerable area. Colonial capitalists have already formed many companies for developing and working the mining properties, some of which have been proved to give highly remunerative yields. The average return from all these will be known later, when the gold-crushing machinery, now on its way or in course of erection, is fairly at work, the few mills hitherto employed being inadequate for little more than trial tests.

Barberton is the centre of this new mining industry. Although scarcely twelve months old, this town has a population of over 3000 persons, with numerous stores, three banks, a share exchange, several hotels, two newspaper offices, and many huts, and various other buildings of shelter. Its main street runs near the face of a high range of hills, as shown in our illustration, while to the left an open flat stretches away to another range of hills where the auriferous farms, owned by the Moodie Company, are situate, and on which a number of rich reefs are being developed and worked, subject to a payment of license and royalty on the gold extracted.

Some fifteen miles east from Barberton are what the diggers have named the Queen of Sheba range of hills, their crests and ridges rising about 3000 ft. above sea-level, and half that elevation above the valley where they are situate. Here are some of the richest reefs and lodes on these gold-fields. There is first the Nil Desperandum (Hillary's) reef, which shows a rugged band of quartz projecting above ground, and following down the hillside till it is lost in the bush at its foot. Next comes the Oriental (Kriels) block, an open cliff of quartz reef; and it is followed by the Edwin Bray Company's claims, which include part of the same rich reef. Higher up is "Bray's Golden Quarry," a huge wort or "blow" of quartz, standing out in a dark mass, with a face of about 50 ft. wide, on the hill-side; and to which, as yet, there is no bottom. This is the property of the Sheba Reef Gold Mining Company. The quartz from this quarry, crushed on the spot by the company, has yielded an average of 7 oz. 6 dwt. 9 grains to the ton. The four companies mentioned have arranged for the construction of a steam tramway to carry the ore from the hillside to the crushing mills on the river, eight or nine miles distant.

North of the Sheba range are the claims of the Thomas's Reef Gold-Mining Company, purchased from two Cornish miners named Thomas, for a sum of £60,000 in cash and £20,000 in shares. The vein on this property is regarded as a chimney or fissure: which has widened from 2 ft. at the surface to 12 ft. at a depth of 85 ft. to which the shaft has at present been carried. From thirty tons of the quartz the Thomas brothers obtained 850 oz. of retorted gold; this was picked ore, crushed in a dolly or small rough mill. A recent crushing of thirty-five tons taken indiscriminately gave 123 oz., the yield of the whole quantity crushed thus giving an average of 15 oz.

About thirty miles from Barberton another reef, the Kimberley Imperial, has been opened, giving splendid results at the trial crushings. There are numbers of other promising properties now in course of development; and when the prospecting season comes round again, after the month of June, it is not improbable there will be more finds as rich as any already discovered.

Besides the De Kaap gold-fields, auriferous deposits have been found near the centre of the Transvaal, on the Witwatersrand, and westward towards the border of British Bechuanaland; also in the territory of Swaziland, and in that part of Zululand known as the British Reserve; and likewise in the district of Knysna, in the Cape Colony.

Earl Fitzwilliam has contributed £3750 towards the restoration of the Priory Church at Malton, which was founded in 1150 by Eustace Fitzjohn, for Gilbertine canons.

The Canonry in Winchester Cathedral rendered vacant by the death of Bishop Macdougall has been conferred upon the Rev. W. Durst, Rector of Alverstoke.

Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, is about to build a handsome church, at his own cost, at Jesmond, a suburb of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Archdeacon Jones, who recently resigned the Archdeaconry of Liverpool, is in his ninety-sixth year, and is in the enjoyment of his usual health.

It has been decided at Northampton to build another parish church in a populous part of the town, making the fifth church erected in as many years. The church will be dedicated to St. Paul, will accommodate 500 persons, and will cost £5000.

Meetings continue to be held throughout the country in support of the Imperial Institute which is to mark the Jubilee Year, and to promote and arrange for local festivities in honour of the occasion.

The Earl of Zetland has returned 20 per cent to his Yorkshire tenants. The Earl of Cawdor has announced a reduction of 20 per cent in the rents of the tenants on his Welsh estates. An abatement of 10 per cent on the past half-year's rents has also been granted by Lord Penrhyn to the tenants on his estates in North Wales; and a similar reduction has been made by Sir Richard Bulkeley to his Anglesey tenantry. At Sir Henry Oxenden's annual rent audit at Wingham, in East Kent, the tenants were allowed reductions of rents, according to the value of the produce grown, ranging from 16 to 25 and 28 per cent on the former rental.

SIR RICHARD AND LADY BURTON.

Sir Richard Francis Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., &c., is a remarkable man, who has done much for England, and for humanity, and for learning and literature; he has passed through adventures most stirring and romantic; and his reward has been that nineteen years of military service in the Bombay Army have been wiped out, that his half-pay has been confiscated, and that, at the age of sixty-six, he is H.B.M.'s Consul in an Adriatic town with a detestable climate.

Sir Richard Burton was born on March 19, 1821, and almost as soon as he could speak plainly he was taken abroad and educated, in a queer random fashion, in the north and south of France; at Florence, Naples, and Pisa; and, finally, at Oxford. His father designed him for the Church; he hoped to be a soldier, begged for a commission, were it only in the Swiss Guards at Naples, and chafed, as spirited young men do, under the restraints of routine. Some boyish scrape—what, he never tells—secured his rustication; and his family arranged matters by getting him a commission in the 18th Native Infantry, which, at the age of twenty-one, he joined at Bombay.

There were two roads to promotion in those days—service up the country, and languages. Sir Richard chose the latter, and before he landed had mastered Hindustani. In a very few months he was "passed interpreter" in that language and in Guzerati; and in a year or two more he had conquered Persian, Marathi, Sindhi, Panjab, and Arabic; had attacked Telugu, had reduced the Afghan and Baluchi dialects to grammar, and had begun the study of Turkish and Armenian. Appointed to the staff of Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Sind, he began those experiments in the art of disguise which afterwards led to that remarkable journey to the Holy Cities of Arabia—El Medinah and Meccah, whither no Englishman had ever before penetrated. Seven years of this kind of life prostrated him, and he was compelled to return to Europe, where he became a past master of the art of fencing, and wrote a manual of Bayonet Exercise. Such a thing had never been heard of in the English Army, and Burton's reward at the time of the publication of this pamphlet was a severe rebuke. When, a few years afterwards, it was made the text-book of the official manual, he was authorised to draw upon the War Office for the sum of one shilling. The story sounds like a bad joke; but it is a literal fact. Sir R. Burton drew the shilling, and, instead of wearing it at his watch-chain as a memorial of the gratitude of the English nation, gave it away to a beggar.

To tell all that Sir Richard has since done would occupy a whole number of this Journal, and even then the catalogue would be incomplete. The baldest mention must, therefore, suffice. His mission to the Holy Cities of Arabia was followed by one to the Holy City of Eastern Africa—Harar—a place never visited by an Englishman before, or since. That was followed by a second expedition, which, thanks to mismanagement on the part of the authorities and to official jealousies, ended in disaster; that expedition was succeeded by the two famous journeys, in company with the unhappy Captain Speke, which resulted in the exploration of Lake Tanganyika, and directly led to the discovery of the sources of the Nile, of the honours of which Sir Richard was deprived by the bad faith of his companion. These journeys occupied the greatest part of three years. Twelve months later—in May, 1860—Sir Richard started on a journey to Salt Lake City, in the course of which he travelled over 25,000 miles of sea and land, in which were included six weeks' journeyings over the "rolling prairie" in a "Concord coach"—a wretched wagon—where now the Pacific railroad conveys the traveller in as many days.

Returned to England, Burton obtained the Consulate at Fernando Po, and, in the course of his duties in that post, explored the whole of the West African district, where, as a matter of course, his health once more broke down under the horrible climate. The twenty-one attacks of fever, the paralysis and partial blindness and deafness which were his lot during the Eastern and East Central African journeys—returned upon him, and made a short stay in Madeira and Teneriffe necessary. Then followed that journey to Dahomey, when he was compelled to witness those ghastly "customs" which he was sent to induce the King to abolish, and the sight of which would have shattered the nerves of most men for life.

Ten years in Africa were followed by four in South America, all spent in more or less perilous exploration; then, after a brief holiday, he was appointed Consul at Damascus, where he contrived to render himself obnoxious to the corrupt Turkish officials, whose representations induced Lord Granville to recall him rather unceremoniously. During the enforced leisure which followed his recall, Sir Richard Burton visited Iceland, and on his return he availed himself of a six months' leave of absence to revisit Sind. On his return, he was appointed to the Consulate at Trieste, which he still holds, though with occasional and sometimes prolonged periods of leave, during which he has twice explored the land of Midian; has been "to the Gold Coast for Gold"; has passed a winter in Cairo, devoted to the study of the Egyptian question; was sent out to Sinai to chastise the Bedouins who had murdered Professor Palmer, and recalled almost as soon as he had landed; and, finally, has made a tour through Europe to collect materials for that "Book of the Sword" which promises to be a complete encyclopædia of everything connected with its subject.

Besides all this work Sir Richard Burton has rendered real and lasting services to literature. Not merely has he written and published some fifty volumes of travel and adventure, but he has translated from the Portuguese the entire works of Camoens—six volumes of which are published, while four more are in the printer's hands—and he has given to the world the first and only complete translation of the "Thousand Nights and a Night" from the Arabic—a work which has occupied such scanty leisure as he has allowed himself for somewhere about five-and-thirty years.

He has, however, been singularly happy in his married life. Lady Burton, a Miss "Arundell of Wardour," and a niece of the present Lord Gerard, to whom he was married in 1861, has devoted herself to her illustrious husband with rare unselfishness and self-abnegation. Herself a woman of remarkable capacity and enormous individuality and force of character, a writer of singular ability and sagaciousness, she has been content to merge her personality in his, and to be known as "the wife of her husband." His title—the smallest distinction at the disposal of the Government—came opportunely enough to grace their silver wedding and that is the only recognition the country has ever given to either husband or wife of services which have simply never been exceeded.

Even Joseph Hume, were he alive, could scarcely grudge a handsome charge on the Civil List to one who is an honour to England, who has served his country well for well-nigh half a century, and who, after severe illness, is on the eve of returning to the scene of his duties, where the climate may not impossibly undo all the good that has been done by his recent stay in the land of his birth.

THE RAILWAY THROUGH BELOOCHISTAN.

The construction of the railway from Sibi, on the western side of the great desert of Sind, through the mountains of Beloochistan to Pishin, near the Afghan frontier and the plain of Candahar, is a work of great military importance for the security of the north-west frontier of India. It was projected and commenced seven or eight years ago, by the Indian Government, on the advice of Sir Richard Temple, but the work, being costly, was stopped at the close of the last Afghan war, and was resumed about two years since, in consequence of the dispute with Russia about the north boundary of Afghanistan. When this railway is completed, which may be in the course of the present year, it will supersede, for military purposes, the road through the Bolan Pass to Quetta.

We are indebted to Mr. Charles F. Gilbert, executive engineer of the Indian Public Works Department, for the Sketches now engraved, which were taken by him at Nari, in November, 1885; Nari being the first station on that section of the Sind-Pishin Railway. At Sibi, to which place the line from the Indus was opened some time ago, the dreary flat expanse of dry mud, without a tree growing upon it to relieve the desolation of the scene, is exchanged for a belt of mingled jungle and cultivated lands, cut through by deep water-channels, at the foot of the mountains. At a short distance to the north is the village of Nari, where a large store dépôt, with the residence of the officers and others employed on the new railway, and with the garrison, has made quite a little town. Part of the station buildings, the powder-magazine, and store-houses appear in the view that our correspondent has sketched, but the officers' quarters are behind the spectator; the barrels piled or scattered on the ground contain Portland cement, for masonry or concrete. The Nari tunnel, a mile above the town, is carried in a curve through a spur of rock on the bank of the river; the entrance to this tunnel is shown in Mr. Gilbert's second sketch.

A mile above this, in the Nari gorge, is a very curious geological formation, the matrix being composed of clay and sand, while the veins or ribs, penetrating its substance in parallel curvilinear deposits with striking regularity, are of the hard rock which Indian engineers call "kutcha" stone, and which is durable enough. Seven miles from Nari, in which length of the line four large girder bridges are required to cross the streams, is the Tunduri bridge, having six spans, each of 150 ft. iron girders; of which also we have a sketch. In the foreground of this view is the old bed of the river, which has been diverted; and here is a bridge of one girder, 40 ft. span. Beyond the longer bridge, the line goes round a curve, and turns into a cutting through the rock. The engineering difficulties on this railway have been overcome by applying much skill and energy to its construction, which will be an effectual contribution to the defences of our Indian Empire.

AN AMATEUR MUSICAL CONCERT.

Amiable is the readiness of ladies and gentlemen who can "play a little," or can "sing a little," to contribute to a popular entertainment, in those rural or suburban neighbourhoods where the services of well-reputed professional musicians can seldom be obtained. This practice is now countenanced by examples in the highest rank of society, and is often, in country parishes, by the influence and contrivance of a wide-awake clergyman, made available both to yield a desired sum of money, for schools or charities, or a building fund, and to promote kindly feeling among his people.

The Sketches, however, that fill one of our pages may perhaps be supposed to represent a somewhat more ambitious and fashionable collection of amateur performers at a large drawing-room party. Their accomplishments are so distinctive and so varied, extending over the use of different old and new instruments, including the harp and the flute as well as the pianoforte, the violin, and the banjo, that we can hardly suppose this to be a mere casual assembly of neighbours. The lady vocalist in the centre, indeed, is one who always carries her sweet gift of song with her, wherever she dwells or visits, and is never unwilling to charm and soothe her friends with this talent. She who sits at the piano is evidently quite at home, but seems to be only preparing, with a hand carelessly laid on the key-board and without a printed score, to sound the familiar accompaniment to a singer for whose approach she is waiting, and whom she has frequently assisted before in a favourite piece of vocal music.

The position of the young female violinist seems, as we say, more distinctive; and her exhibition has still, to many hearers, or rather many spectators, the character of a novelty, which we trust they will mostly approve, for there is surely nothing unfeminine in the use of the bow, and its action is decidedly graceful. As for the harp, one might see ladies, fifty years ago, seated beside this classical but comparatively feeble instrument, and spoiling their delicate fingers with the twanging of its wires; but it is an antiquated institution, no longer to be recommended for domestic use. The flute, also, which may have its due place in an orchestra, is scarcely worth the amount of study and practice requisite for separate effect; and that with which the young curate is humbly trying to do his solo, shown in a figure at the top of the page, is not furnished with the necessary keys for rendering the semi-tones, if any wind or keyed instrument renders them, to the satisfaction of a refined ear. The banjo-player is a complacent elderly gentleman, whose broad smiling face betokens an assurance that he can nowise fail to make himself agreeable, though artless; while the male solo singer is evidently in an ecstatic state of lyrical inspiration. We should feel much obliged to each and all of these good people for their well-intentioned efforts; but, whether, among the audience, it is not better to be the uncritical little girl, or the deaf old gentleman, than to listen and criticise—that must depend on the skill of the amateur performers.

The Marquis of Ripon has been elected President of the Ripon Mechanics' Institution.

At a meeting of the Council of University College, Liverpool, on Tuesday last, Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., who presided, announced that Mr. Thomas Harrison, who had already given £1000 towards endowing a chair of mathematics, and £500 to a fund by which the college was enabled to join Victoria University, had given a further sum of £10,000 to endow a chair of engineering. Mr. George Holt also sent £1000 to the college library, and £500 to the Sustentation Fund. Further donations were announced from Lord Derby and others.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital, on Tuesday last, included the charming singing of Miss Patti Winter, Miss Alice Kean, Mr. Charles Chilley, and Mr. Gabriel Thorp, with the pianoforte playing of the Misses Caverhill-Schiels and Mr. A. Napoleon, violin solos by Mr. Edward Colm, and comic sketches by Mr. Stanhope Clark. There were many encores; but we have only space to mention that Miss Patti Winter's really fine rendering of William Carter's "Victoria," in which she was accompanied by the composer, was received with tremendous applause, and repeated. The brilliant playing of Mr. A. Napoleon was also a special feature in a most enjoyable evening.



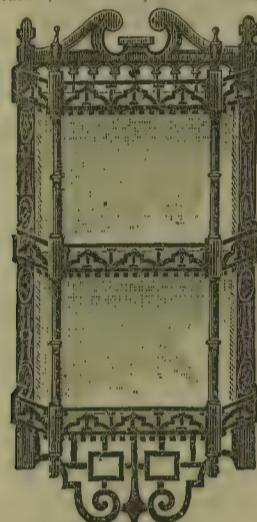
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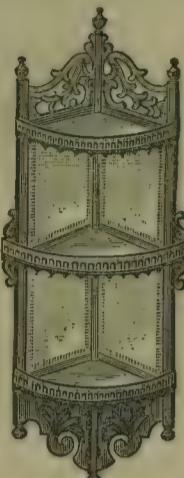
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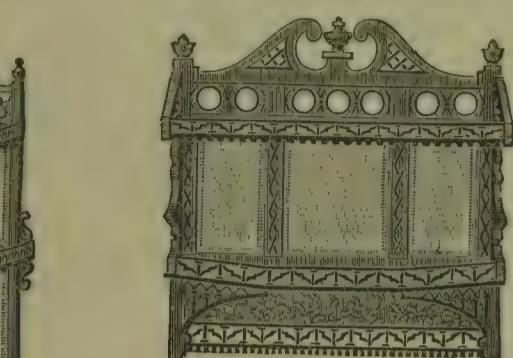
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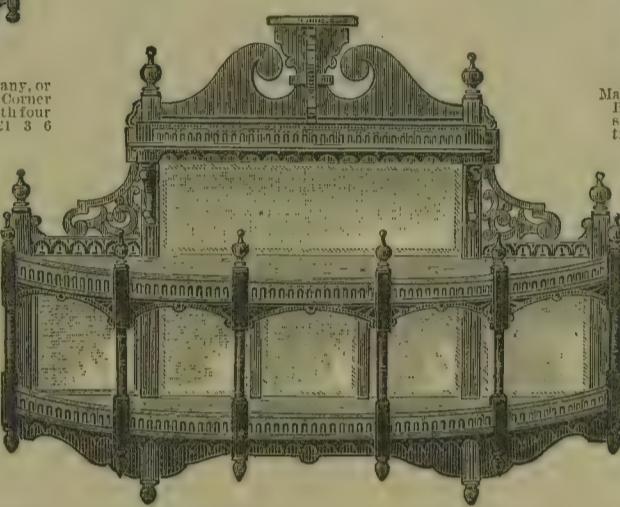
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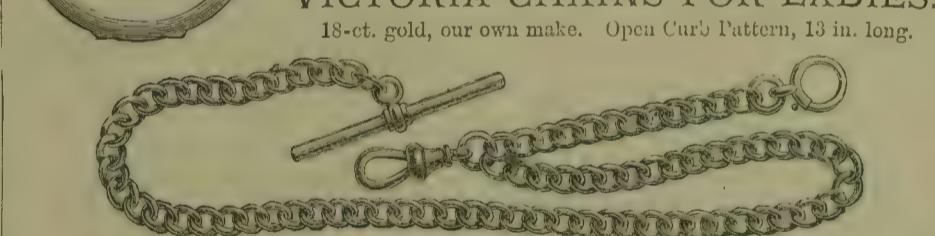
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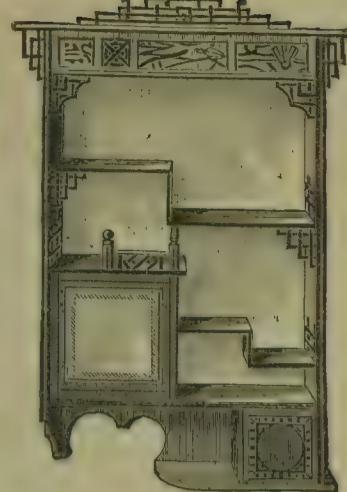
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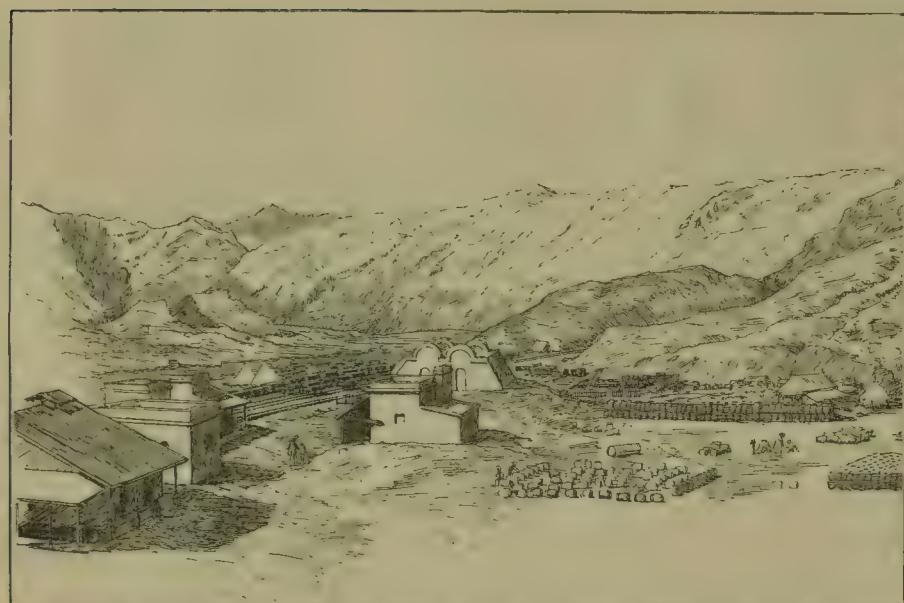
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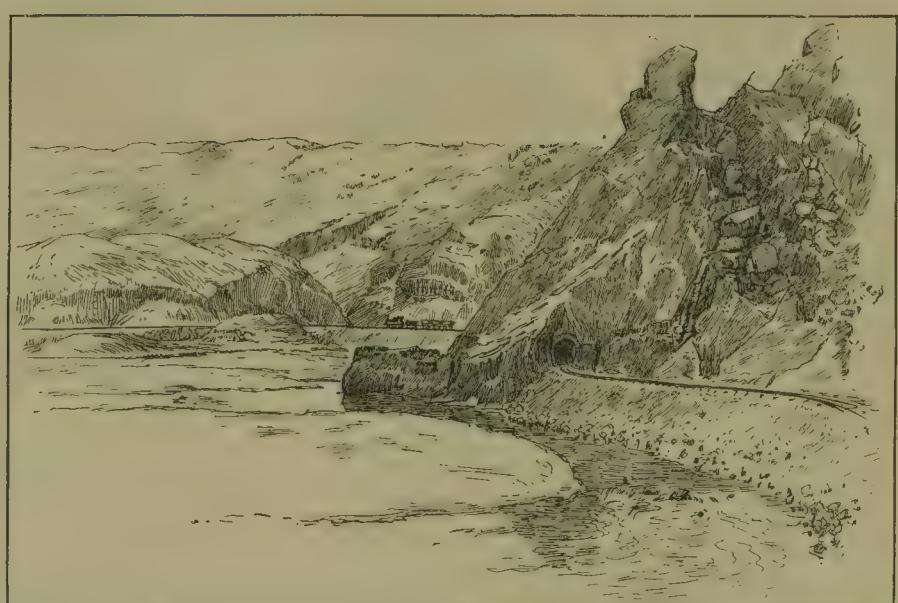
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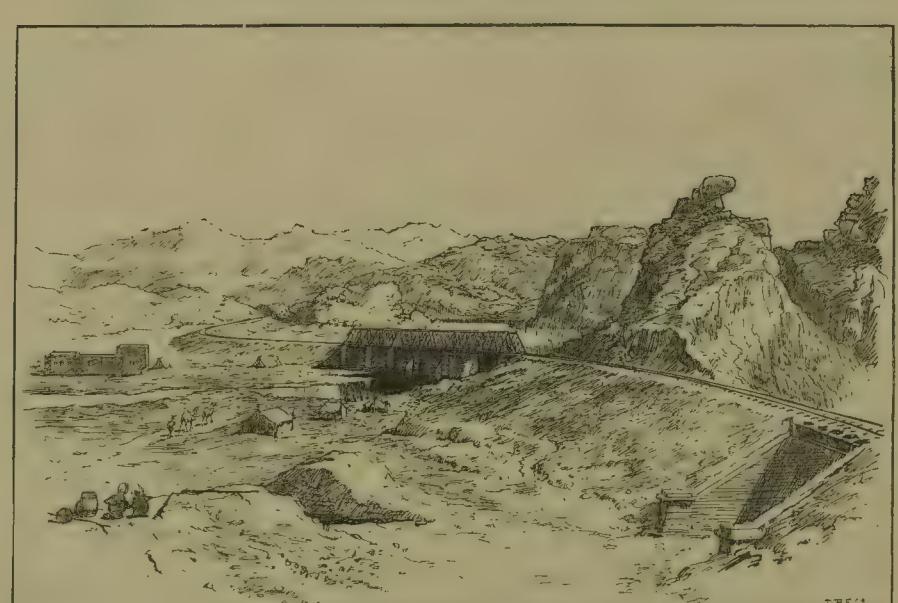
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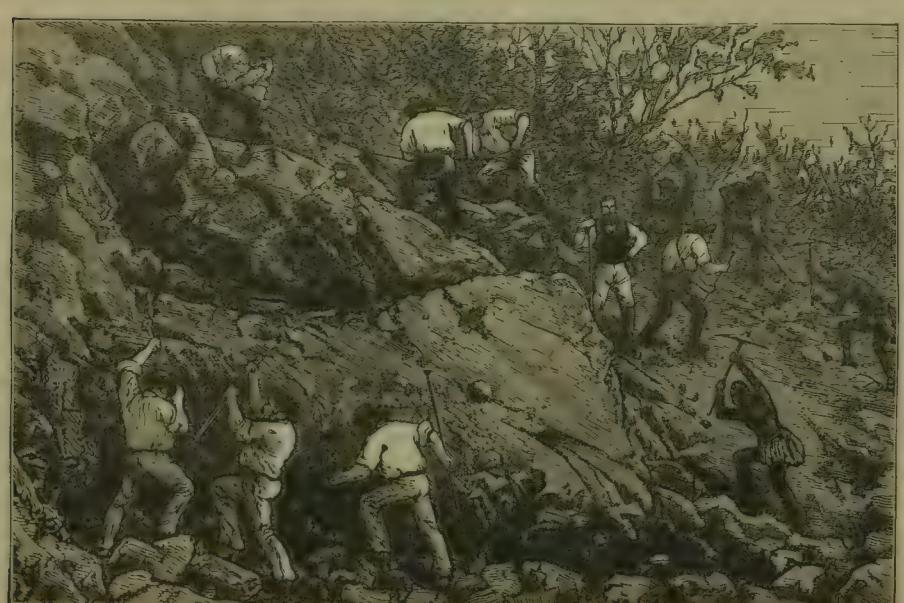


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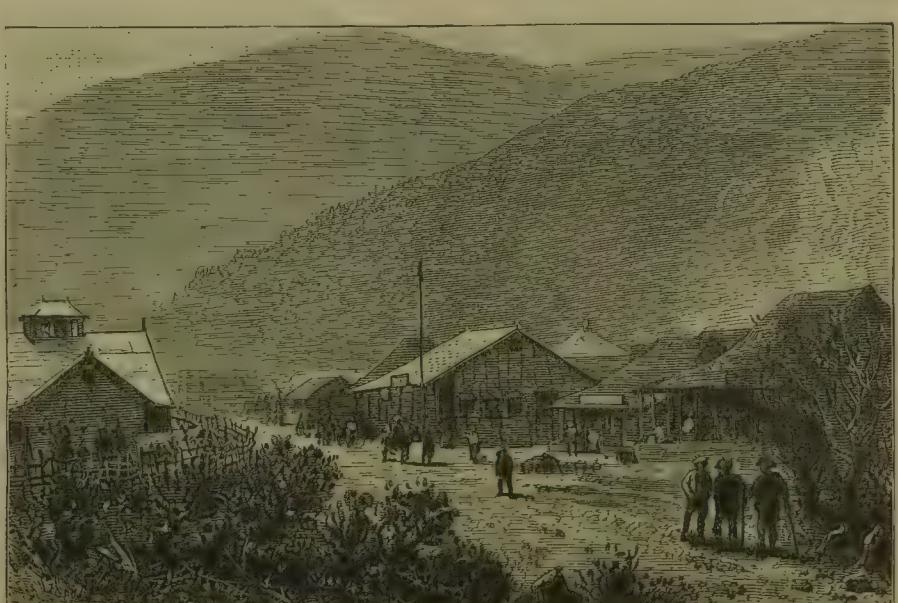


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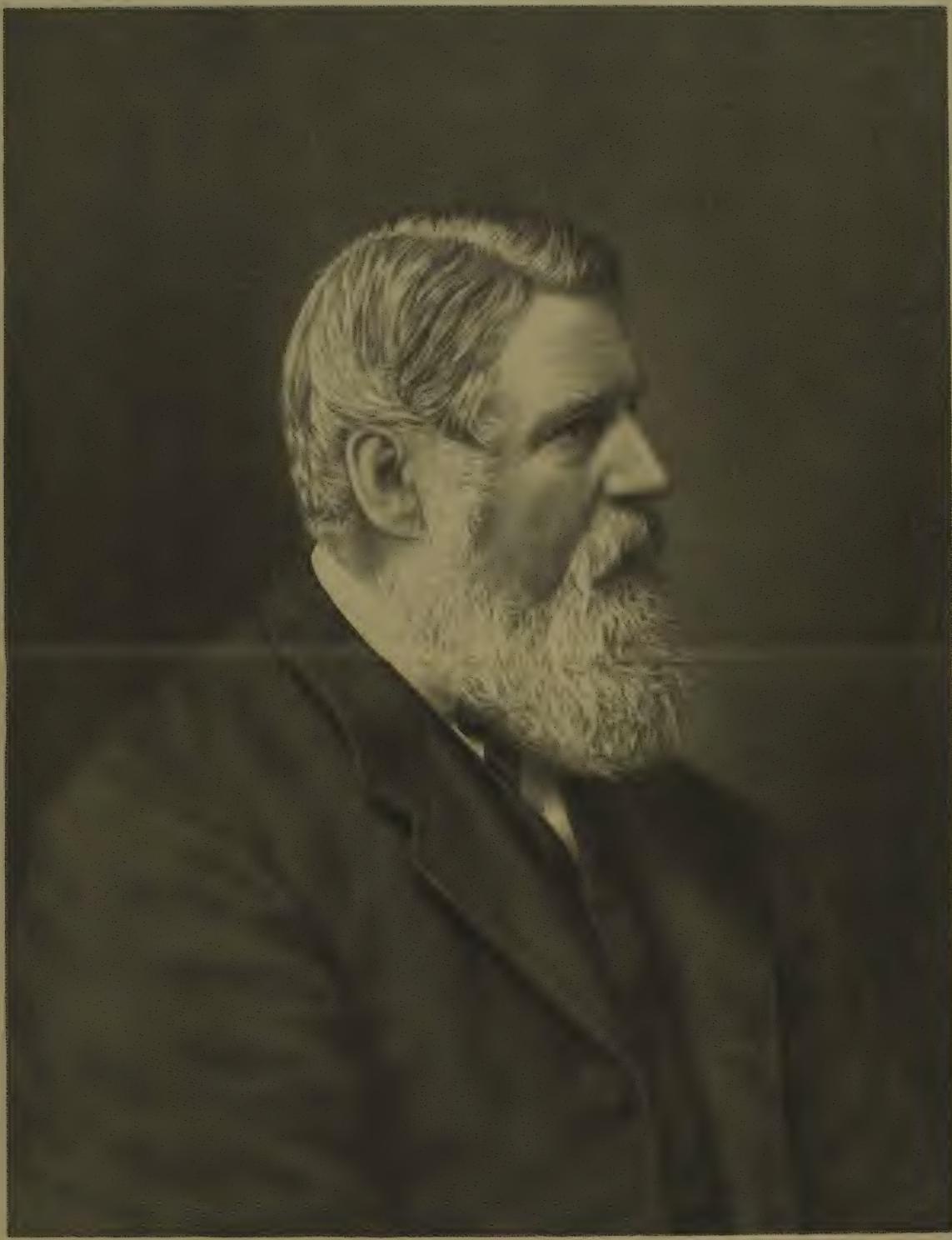
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THE BULGARIAN CRISIS: M. ZANKOFF HOOTED AT THE PHILIPPOPOLIS RAILWAY STATION.

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

The three Commissioners of the Bulgarian Regency and National Assembly, Messrs. Stöloff, Grecoff, and Caltcheff, who were lately in London, have proceeded from Paris to Rome, where they are received in a friendly manner by the Italian Government. It is now expected that they will go to Constantinople, but the Turkish Government has signified that it regards the present Regency or Provisional Government of Bulgaria as unconstitutional. M. Zankoff, the leader of the Russian party in Bulgaria, has gone to Constantinople; but he seems to be very unpopular among his own countrymen. Last week, when he passed through Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, a large crowd assembled at a railway station, and as soon as the train by which M. Zankoff was travelling arrived, they began hooting and hissing

violently. The police had great difficulty in restraining the people, who were perfectly furious, from attacking M. Zankoff. As long as the train remained in the station, shouts were continually raised by the crowd of "Down with traitors!" and, as it was leaving, mud was thrown at the carriage in which M. Zankoff was seated.

A CHILDREN'S JAPANESE QUADRILLE.

This quadrille formed a part of the entertainment provided at a children's Christmas party held, on the 5th inst., in connection with the Society of the New Jerusalem Church (commonly called Swedenborgians) in the Camden-road. The party took place in their school-rooms, where, instead of a Christmas-tree, two Japanese booths or kiosques were erected, and from these the presents were distributed to the little folk

by children of rather larger growth, dressed as Japanese. These afterwards favoured the company with a quadrille in which the figures were those of the ordinary "first set," but Japanese actions, in the style of Mr. G. Grossmith and his fellow actors and actresses in "The Mikado," were added; and the effect was very quaint and pretty. There was another novel feature in connection with this party. It was a toy symphony, composed for the occasion by Mr. C. J. Whittington, the organist of the church, and played entirely by children, the leading stringed instruments excepted. This gave very great satisfaction, and has since been repeated at a public entertainment given for the benefit of the New Church Orphanage. The rooms were very elaborately decorated, also in Japanese style, or at least with Japanese materials, in the shape of fans, lanterns, and other devices, aided by a lavish use of Christmas evergreens.

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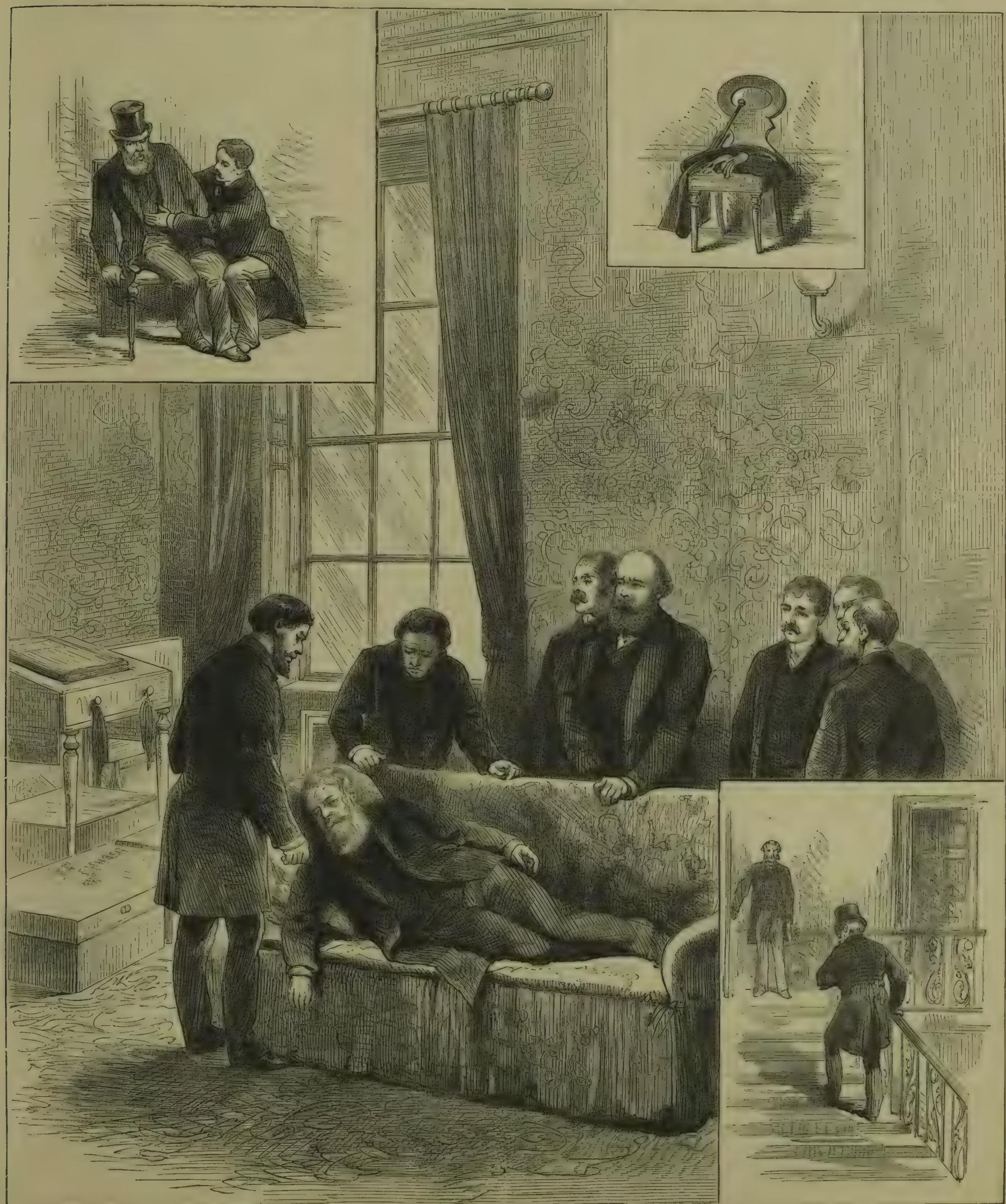
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THE EARL OF IDDESLIGH



THE DEATH OF LORD IDDESLIGH, AT THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER IN DOWNING-STREET.

THE LATE LORD IDDESLEIGH.

Seldom has the candid and generous sentiment of personal esteem for one of our distinguished countrymen long engaged in politics been more promptly expressed by those who are attached to an opposite party than upon the sad occasion that was recorded last week. The sudden death of Lord Iddesleigh—of the good, kindly, modest, temperate, intelligent, and industrious statesman, who, as Sir Stafford Northcote thirty years ago won the regard of the House of Commons by his amiability and constancy, as well as by his ability in the public service—has gone to the hearts of the people. Ambition may learn that there is a surer road to just fame, though perhaps not to power, than the display of rhetorical talent in violent invective, or the practice of intrigue to the disparagement of rivals in the eager quest of political reputation. English popular feeling, while often amused and excited by watching the strife of party leaders and wondering at their self-exaltation, still turns with respectful sympathy to the man free from egotism who faithfully does his best in a high public station, free from restless covetousness of fresh rewards and honours; and when at length denied the consummation of worldly preferment, and the full recognition of that authority which his virtue has fairly earned, we see the country deprived of the future services of that virtue—then, indeed, “*sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.*”

In the valley of the Exe, above its confluence with the Creedy, an hour's walk from the city of Exeter on the Crediton road, lie the two adjacent parishes of Upton Pyne and Newton St. Cyres. There is not a pleasanter rural scene in England than the junction of those soft valleys, embosomed in low verdant billy hills with clumps and rows of stately elms from the level meadows to the slopes and summits. At Hayne, in Newton St. Cyres, in the seventeenth century, lived Sir John Northcote, the first Baronet of an old Devonshire family, who had been a member of the Long Parliament and a Colonel of the Commonwealth army. The first known ancestor was a Geoffrey Miles, who took a new surname from his manor of Northcote, in East Down, Inwardleigh, North Devon, in the reign of Henry I. Lands in North Tawton and Witheridge, and in Upton Pyne, were added by marriage to the family inheritance. Sir John Northcote, who was a thoughtful observer of the revolutions of his age, and wrote a book of notes on its history, accepted the Restoration of Charles II., and served both as county sheriff and Parliament man for Devonshire. The life of the succeeding heads of this family was domestic and neighbourly. In 1730 it was represented by Sir Henry Northcote, M.P. for Exeter, who married a daughter of Hugh Stafford, Esq., of Pynes. Many Devonshire men remember, before his death in 1851, good old Sir Stafford Northcote, who was born in 1762, and whom the farmers, drinking his health at the Upton Pyne ploughing-match dinner, honoured as the kindest of landlords, singing “A fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.” He held the title and estates from 1771, when he was a child, to 1851, a period of eighty years; while his son, Mr. Henry Stafford Northcote, whose mother was of the great Exeter mercantile family of Baring (of Larkbeer and Mount Radford, Exeter) engaged in commercial business in London. Mr. Henry Stafford Northcote, some time M.P. for Aylesbury, died in 1850. In Portland-place, his residence, therefore, on Oct. 27, 1818, Stafford Henry Northcote, the subject of this memoir, was born a Londoner. His mother, Mrs. H. S. Northcote, was daughter of Mr. T. Cockburn, of the East India Company's Service. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol, took his B.A. in 1839 (first class in classics and third in mathematics), and his M.A. in 1842. He married a year after this, and in the same year, 1843, began his apprenticeship to politics as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, then President of the Board of Trade in Sir Robert Peel's second Administration. In 1847 he accepted the post of Legal Secretary to the Board of Trade, in Lord John Russell's Administration. He had qualified by getting his call to the Bar at the Inner Temple. His political associations were Peelite; but, not being in Parliament when Lord Aberdeen's Ministry was formed, in 1851, he had no conspicuous political character. He had, indeed, already done good service in assisting to prepare the Free Trade tariff, and in advocating, by an able pamphlet, the repeal of the Navigation Laws. In 1851, on the death of his grandfather, having previously lost his father, he succeeded to the baronetcy and the estate. He had married, in 1843, a daughter of Mr. Farrer, after Sir T. Farrer, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade. He was a Secretary to the Great Exhibition Commissioners of 1851. In 1853 and 1854, he laboured with the late Sir Charles Trevelyan, in reforming the Civil Service, and opening it to public competitive examinations.

It was not till 1855, or when he was thirty-seven years of age, that Sir Stafford Northcote sought admission to the House of Commons. He came forward as a Conservative. He was first elected for Dudley in 1855, then for Stamford in 1858, and in the following year he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Lord Derby's second Administration. Finance was to be his subject, and, by way of getting it up, he began about this time a close study of the past twenty years of financial policy, which eventually came to maturity in a volume published in 1862. In 1866, Lord Derby again acceded to power. In that Government Sir Stafford Northcote became President of the Board of Trade, and, a year later, Secretary of State for India, on the retirement from the Ministry of Lord Cranborne, the present Marquis of Salisbury. Thus Sir Stafford Northcote succeeded to the latter in the Cabinet, just as he had shared with him the representation of Stamford. Sir Stafford, in 1866, was elected for North Devon, having been a candidate for that constituency on a former occasion.

In 1871, Mr. Gladstone's Government had to deal with the question of the Alabama claims. All attempts to settle the matter by ordinary diplomatic negotiation had failed; so it was turned over to a joint high Commission, which was to sit at Washington. The English Commissioners were chosen from both parties, in the hope that the settlement would be regarded as one beyond the region of party quarrels. Sir Stafford Northcote had for brother Commissioners Earl De Grey and Ripon and Mr. Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law at Oxford, with Sir Edward Thornton and Sir John Macdonald representing Canada. The Commissioners met their American colleagues at Washington, and after long deliberations the admission was made that England did regret in a friendly spirit the escape of the Alabama, and the damage she and her consorts had done. In the Treaty of Washington, drawn up by the Commissioners, the English Government consented to the acceptance of three rules which should henceforth govern its action in similar contingencies, and which, in this instance, should have a retrospective effect. The rules were that a friendly Government should not allow hostile cruisers to fit out in its ports; that it should not allow its ports to be made a base of hostile operations; and that it should use due diligence to give effect to these undertakings.

In Mr. Disraeli's Government from 1874 to 1876 Sir Stafford Northcote was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Though he could

not pretend to those graces of exposition and of rhetoric in which Mr. Gladstone stands unrivalled, Sir Stafford Northcote acquired during his tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer a reputation for accurate knowledge, sound views, and wise circumspection. Having a surplus of five or six millions to start with, he reduced the Income Tax to twopence, abolished the remaining duty on sugar, and introduced a scheme for reducing the National Debt by fixing the annual payment on account of the debt at £28,000,000, and using the sum left over and above that required for interest in reduction of debt. But the extravagance of his own Government brought this plan to naught a few years later. Sir S. Northcote proposed a very comprehensive scheme for consolidating and auditing the local debts of the country, amounting, even at that time, to £84,000,000, and rapidly on the increase. But nothing was done in this matter.

When, in 1876, Mr. Disraeli became Lord Beaconsfield, he left Sir Stafford leader of the House of Commons; and in 1880, on the fall of the Beaconsfield Ministry, the leadership of the Opposition Party, against Mr. Gladstone's Government, devolved on him. His behaviour was generally fair and temperate, and not sufficiently aggressive to suit Lord Randolph Churchill. The Parliamentary incidents of the last six years are in the memory of all newspaper readers, as are also the painful circumstances under which Sir S. Northcote was ousted from the leadership of the House of Commons, sent to the Lords as the Earl of Iddesleigh, and, finally, obliged to quit the office of Foreign Secretary. The banquet given to him, with a service of plate, by members of both Houses and on both sides of Parliament, on the occasion of his leaving the House of Commons, was a striking testimony to his popularity as a Parliament man. As a poet in the *Daily News* has written of him—

Because unselfish, just, serene,
His own advantage he forbore;
Because too mild for factious spleen,
No friend he mocked, no foeman tore,
In wrath by victory unassuaged,
The baser sort against him raged.

Lord Iddesleigh, on Tuesday week, came up to London, to finish his official business at the Foreign Office, and to see Lord Salisbury; he was afterwards to have attended the City meeting of the Imperial Institute. He passed the night at the house of Earl Fortescue, and seemed in good health on the Wednesday morning. He went to the Foreign Office, took leave of the chief officials there, and shortly before three o'clock passed on to the residence of the Prime Minister in Downing-street, where he sat down in an ante-room a few minutes, waiting for Lord Salisbury to see him. He was seized with syncope and contraction of the heart, became insensible, and died in about twenty minutes. Two medical gentlemen from Westminster Hospital, Dr. T. Langston and Dr. Hebbert, were quickly in attendance, but their efforts failed to save his life. Mr. Henry Manners, private secretary, was present at his death; Lord Salisbury entered the room immediately afterwards, and Mr. Henry Northcote, of the War Office, Lord Iddesleigh's second son, arrived too late to see his father alive. The funeral, which took place at Upton Pyne on Tuesday, a religious service being performed at the same time in Westminster Abbey, is described, with other particulars, in another page of our Journal. A Portrait of the late Lord Iddesleigh is given for our Extra Supplement this week.

His Lordship held of late the office of Lord Lieutenant of the county of Devon. He was twice elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, and delivered addresses and lectures proving his sound literary scholarship and powers of reflection. He bestowed, at different times, much endeavour on the establishment of reformatory schools for juvenile criminals, and one was erected on his own land near Exeter. Indeed, his activity in various social reforms and works of usefulness was second only to his political and administrative services; nor was he less exemplary in the relations of private life.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

At the Fine-Art Society's Galleries (148, New Bond-street) are to be seen, in addition to Mr. Brett's studies, works of two very different artists—Mr. Roussoff and Mr. MacWhirter. The former, as on previous occasions, sticks to Venetian life and its surroundings to afford him subjects for his facile brush. There is rather too much of the monotony of sunlight in Mr. Roussoff's pictures of out-door life; and of bright clothes and colouring in his indoor episodes. When he first became known in this country, it was thought by many that he had a great career before him; but each succeeding year proves that his powers of invention and execution are confined to certain prescribed limits. In the group “Faint-Hearted” (38), a coquettish girl and a bashful lover, one of the best works in the room, we feel, almost instinctively, that the artist has been more concerned with the chipped marble steps and the girl's bright-coloured kerchief than with the pleasant domestic drama he has attempted to depict. In his view of “Fleet-street” (43) Mr. Roussoff tries newer ground, and he is fairly successful in rendering the bustle of the scene; but contrasted with Mr. Herbert Marshall's treatment of the same subject, which it forcibly recalls, we have no reason to tremble for our countryman's fame, and we cannot fail to recognise his superior insight into London life. The colouring of “Youth and Age” (47), at Torcello, is quiet and not without sentiment; and the same may be said of “Hard Times” (2), the only oil painting in the exhibition.

The other collection of works, by Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A., relates principally to the land of Burns and Scott; and is pretty equally divided into oil and water colours. The Lowlands, especially of Ayrshire and Roxburghshire, offer innumerable points of interest to the artist and the student of the most popular of the Scotch national poets. Mr. MacWhirter is inspired by the enchanted ground over which he has travelled brush in hand. His reminiscences of “Edinburgh Castle” (16) by moonlight, of the “Birks of Aberfeldy” (22), the “Sunset from Ayr” (55), and the “Market-place, Dumfries” (57), show his powers at the best; but, as a rule, his art is not of a kind which grows upon the spectator when seen *en bloc*. He is wanting in variety and pliability, and the effort to invent original effects is too apparent. But in the drawings of “The Flowers of Scotland,” which cover the screen in the centre of the room, we find Mr. MacWhirter in a line eminently sympathetic, and one in which the well-known painter of “Silver Birches” displays more than usual delicacy and knowledge. Flower-painting, for some reason, has fallen somewhat into disrepute of late; and we are glad to find that an artist of Mr. MacWhirter's attainments does not think it beneath his dignity to display his skill in this branch of his art. His chief claim to our admiration in his landscapes lies in a certain breadth of treatment, and in a power of forming general effects. These works, therefore, on which elaborate care and much patient labour have been bestowed, are doubly interesting, as showing the groundwork of much of Mr. MacWhirter's claim to public recognition. He has at least one of the conditions of genius, “a capacity for taking pains,” and with this knowledge we should turn to his sketches of the “Land of Burns and Scott.”

THE TURNER DRAWINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

We have reserved the Turner drawings at Burlington House for a separate notice, to which they are deservedly entitled. Although the number exhibited—seventy-two—does not exceed that of last year, the drawings on this occasion have the double advantage of being spread over two rooms, and of being arranged in chronological order. For this latter improvement, the public, we believe, is indebted to Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, whose knowledge and appreciation of Turner's work are alike unimpeachable; but who, unlike so many of his contemporaries, is anxious that others should reasonably, not blindly, enjoy Turner as he does himself. To such as would hesitate to trust their own judgment too implicitly we commend Mr. Rawlinson's “Notes on the Turner Drawings, on View at Burlington House,” published by the Fine-Art Society. Briefly, but lucidly, this little pamphlet describes the relation of the various links in this chain of Turner's art, and at the same time it assigns to most of them their proper position in that artist's life-work. To begin with, we have some three or four almost boyish sketches, the earliest, that of “Wanstead Church” (1), having been done when Turner could not have been thirteen years of age. “Isleworth Church” (2), “Lambeth Palace” (3), and others show the influence of the architect's teaching, in which for a short time Turner was working. But he was soon to pass under the more sympathetic training of Paul Sandby; and of this we have traces in “Mountain Scene” (8) and the adjoining “Landscape” (9). To Girtin succeeded Cozens in the direction of Turner's fast-budding genius; and to the former's influence we may safely attribute the studies of wave and cloud effects shown in the “Dover” (10 and 11) and “Newhaven” (12) sketches. These were probably made in 1792, and, although Turner was working hard and producing rapidly, there is little shown here which need arrest us more than momentarily until we come to the beautiful view of “Llanthony Abbey” (27), surrounded by the misty summits of the “Black Mountains.” This scene seems to have had a special attraction for Turner; for, after an interval of thirty years, he again returned to it, and produced that splendid work which was one of the chief features of last year's exhibition; whilst in the interval we come across, over and over again, reminiscences of this striking spot, where, at a later period, Walter Savage Landor thought of finding rest after buffeting with an unsympathetic world. For a while Turner reverts again to architectural drawing, as in “St. Mary's Church, Stratford” (29), “The Abbey Church, Bath” (30), and “Seaford Church” (31); but, in all of these, the sentiment of the work differs *toto caelo* (we use the term advisedly) from that which presided over the productions of Mr. Hardwick's office. In “Ewenny Priory” (32) we have almost a weird rendering of the sacrilegious effects of time. What was once a religious house of noble proportions and architectural beauty has become a stable, and through the roof screen a woman is seen driving a pig which had been hunting for food among the ruined flagstones of the choir.

The “Interiors of Salisbury and Ely Cathedrals” (35-6-7), with which the series in the second room begins, display, in even a more marked degree, the treatment of architectural subjects of which Turner was now—1797—capable; and they form a fitting prelude to that noble series of works which is ranged along the north wall of the second room. Commencing with “Norham Castle” (38), another of his favourite subjects, painted in 1798, we can trace the development of Turner's genius through the next twenty years. The point of view in “Norham Castle” chosen by the painter is somewhat difficult to seize, but it is evident that he had in his thoughts pictorial effects rather than topical accuracy. Among this series of masterpieces, all differing in important particulars and methods, but all inspired by the same appreciation of light and atmosphere, each spectator will choose according to his own special fancy; and it is impossible to make a relative comparison of their value and power. The “Carnarvon Castle” (39), rising grimly from its sea-girt foundations; “Fonthill” (42), in its blaze of sunlight; “Edinburgh” (43), in its grandeur; and “Kilchurn Castle” (44), in its solemn loveliness, vary in conception, but not in quality; whilst the magnificent view of Lincoln (45), painted in 1805, fittingly closes for a moment the English series. Soon after this Turner made his first journey abroad; and of this we have reminiscences in the “Castle of Chillon” (46), and the “Lake of Thun” (47), or rather of Brienz. Of his subsequent journeys, “Bonneville” (57), painted in 1817, and the “Val d'Aosta” (64), painted in 1825, are fitting records; whilst of his Rhine scenery we have such well-known specimens as “Cologne” (58), “Marzburg” (59), and “Biebrich” (61), all of which belong to the year 1820. Returning to our own country, we cannot pass without notice such work as the “Swan's Nest, Stourhead” (52), “Ingleborough” (53), and “Winchelsea” (56), and above all the two views of Durham, the earlier (69) painted as far back as 1802, the later (70) assigned to 1836. In these the progress of Turner's mind and method, from Girtin's to Claude's influence, can be distinctly realised; and the two pictures are probably hung side by side in order that the student may seize at a glance the revolution through which the painter's art had passed. The series closes with a view of the “Righi” (72), painted just at the time when Turner was giving up water-colours to devote himself exclusively to oil-painting. It forms one of at least three views of the same mountain, which are distinguished as the Black, the Blue, and the Red Righi—the two latter were exhibited last year.

In our notice last week of the oil paintings now on view at Burlington House, we called especial attention to Gainsborough's remarkably fine landscape (147), where the painter has had recourse to the very natural and permissible artifice of painting the foliage of the trees in the foreground, thus permitting the spectator to enjoy the beauty of the scene beyond. There have been few finer specimens of Gainsborough's landscape art exhibited here or at the Grosvenor Gallery, unless we except those from the Hope collection. The present picture enjoys the rare merit of never having been touched since it left the painter's easel. It was originally purchased from his widow by Mr. I. Avidson, a well-known collector, who at the beginning of this century lived in St. James's-square. On the disposal of his pictures in 1823, it was sold for 140 guineas to the grandfather of the present possessor, Mr. Charles Esdaile, of Cothelestone House, Taunton, where it has since remained. On the same occasion Mr. Esdaile purchased, for a similar sum, a classical landscape by Richard Wilson, and a romantic one by George Barret—both Royal Academicians of repute; and at the time the question amongst experts was whether these works or that of Gainsborough would prove the better investment of capital. The appreciation in which Wilson's work is held is of long standing, and increases year by year. Barret's work is less known, but this week there is hung at the South Kensington Museum a landscape by him which places his powers in their true light.

Two meetings of “The Round Table Conference” were held last week at Sir William Harcourt's residence, the discussion being adjourned till after the meeting of Parliament.

QUACK DOCTORS.

The progress of medical science during the present century has not put an end to the quackery which flourishes on the blind faith of the ignorant and the vain. Like our forefathers, we have powders that profess to make the woman of thirty appear like a girl of twenty; pills that are warranted to cure all diseases; and, which is still better, invaluable specifics against the invasion of any disease whatever. Mesmerists may be still found in this great metropolis, who cure internal complaints by passes; and, if our readers are curious to hear of cures still more mysterious, we recommend them to study the periodicals of the Spiritualists. Only recently, as we all know, a great college has been founded on the produce of pills and ointment; and every month—we had almost said every day—some "new and marvellous discovery" attracts and deceives the unwary. The age has been called sceptical. It may be, but scepticism and superstition are close allies; and men who have no firm faith in God will accept with undoubting trust the nostrum of some old woman. Looking back on the past, we smile at the credulity of our grandfathers; but the children who come after us will, perhaps, quite as reasonably smile at ours.

Therefore, if we attempt to give some illustrations of the folly of our forefathers it may be well to do so without at the same time vaunting our superior wisdom. We need not go back to the early ages of medical knowledge, when the quack had perhaps nearly as good a chance of effecting a cure as the regular practitioner. The last century, which, according to Mill, was a great age, and an age of strong men, showed not a little weakness in the favour it bestowed upon quacks. It was the period of that gigantic delusion, the South Sea Bubble, which in due time burst, to the ruin of thousands of silly people; and, to keep to our text, it was the age of Mesmer who averred that he had magnetised the sun. In a highly interesting volume, lately published, called "The Healing Art," the anonymous author states that Mesmer's disciples in England professed to work great wonders, and to cure every kind of disease without the use of medicine. Then an American, practising in London, invented "metallic tractors," which were designed to cure almost every malady. They came very rapidly into general use, and a hospital was founded in which persons might receive the benefit free of cost. A benefit, no doubt, there was; but after an experiment with wooden tractors had proved that it was wholly due to imagination, the discoverer and his hospital were heard of no more. John Wesley was not a quack, but, on the contrary, a thoroughly honest man; yet his curious little volume of "Primitive Physic" contains prescriptions as absurd and amusing as any concocted in the brain of an impostor. For instance, he recommends forague "six middling pills of cobweb," a remedy that "seldom fails"; to prevent cramp, you are advised to lay a roll of brimstone under your pillow; a recipe for pleurisy is half a drachm of soot; and raging madness may be cured by "setting the patient with his head under a great waterfall as long as his strength will bear," which, as a writer truly remarks, must be a rather difficult feat for the patient's keeper. Wesley supplies definite remedies for diseases, although strange ones; but the mesmerists and magnetisers of his day showed the same contempt for drugs that is now exhibited by practitioners who profess to cure by manipulation. Even the application of the hand was unnecessary; and we are told of a woman who brought two daughters, born deaf and dumb, to Mrs. De Loutherbourg, "who looked on them with an eye of benignity, and healed them." Her husband, an artist by profession, is said to have effected astonishing cures—not for money, but for love; and, according to a pamphlet of the day, had "received the gift of healing all manner of diseases incident to the human body." This wonder-worker was a fanatic rather than an impostor, and so was a still more notorious healer of diseases who flourished in the seventeenth century. Valentine Greatrakes, an Irishman by birth, and a Puritan of irreproachable life, is said to have been remarkably handsome and accomplished. At the Restoration he lost his official position, and suddenly discovered that he could cure the "Kings' evil," and other diseases. Thousands of afflicted persons came to him from all parts of the country, and "for a time he enjoyed a measureless popularity." Greatrakes considered that all diseases were caused by evil spirits, and these by prayer and faith he undertook to exorcise. Men of mark in the world, Andrew Marvell among others, testified to his achievements; but his reputation, like that of most men of the class, having reached an extraordinary height, died as suddenly away. There is no reason to doubt that this enthusiast did cure a number of complaints. It is well known that, just as the force of imagination may sometimes cause diseases, so also it can remove them. What Falstaff says of honour applies, however, with equal truth to imagination—it cannot "set a leg, or an arm." The fat knight adds, "or take away the grief of a wound"; but this, at least, was attempted by the famous Weapon-salve of Paracelsus, and by the "Sympathetic Powder" of Sir Kenelm Digby, which was declared to be so potent that "if any blood-stained fragment of a wounded person's clothes were dipped in a solution of it, the wound would immediately begin to heal, though the sufferer might be at some place far remote from the scene of operation."

And now, turning from the past to the present, the public are invited to witness the wonder-working of a thaumaturgist at home. Mr. Milner Stephen, the brother of Sir Alfred Stephen, Deputy Governor of New South Wales, was in New Zealand at the time of Mr. Froude's visit, who writes of him as follows:—"He professed, and evidently believed himself to have acquired, the apostolic power of working miracles. He was willing to cure any disorder whatever by some simple methods, which he was ready also to teach you to exercise if you cared to learn them—not, of course, gratuitously. . . . I did not see any instance of his power, but his look and manner were lively and clever." This gentleman, a barrister by profession, has now come to London to pursue the healing art, in his strange fashion, by laying his hand on the part affected, or by breathing on the patient. He professes to have healed thirty thousand patients in less than seven years, and to have discovered his extraordinary gift by sheer accident. Sometimes, he declares that he can banish disease by a word or a gesture, and he asks for leave to try his powers on the patients of deaf and dumb and blind asylums. Mr. Stephen says, truly enough, that he cannot hurt these poor people by touching them, and he undertakes to effect an immediate improvement in four cases out of six. It will be interesting to learn what answer is made to his request. It must be admitted that it is not an immodest one.

The Bishop of Llandaff has received an anonymous donation of £1000 in aid of his fund for promoting the work of church extension throughout the diocese; and another of £500 to be given, at his discretion, to necessitous clergymen in his diocese.

Professor Jowett, the Master of Balliol, gave an address on languages, at the second meeting in connection with the sixth annual Congress of the National Society of French Masters in England, held in the hall of Balliol College; and the congress was brought to a close last Saturday by a dinner at the Café Royal, Regent-street.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L K H (Arcachon).—1. Write to Mr. L. Hoffer, honorary secretary, British Chess Association, 37, King-street, Covent-garden, London, 2. The theme in both versions of the two-move problem is too simple, and is as old as D'Orville. NORTH-HAG (Caterham).—No. 2229 cannot be solved as you propose by 1. K to Q Kt sth. We think you cordially for the Christmas card and good wishes, both duly appreciated.

J A (Berks).—We note the withdrawal of the incorrect problem.

W S.—You are wide of the mark in respect of No. 2231.

F H (Munich).—Very good and acceptable.

HERRWARD (Oxford).—Yes; we have seen the *Bohemian* and can recommend him to your favour.

J H S (Liverpool).—Thanks for the problem. It shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2227 received from the Rev. John Wills (Barnstaple, U.S.A.); of No. 2228 from L K Hirsch, Congo, and P E Potts (Tiflis); of No. 2229 from F W Evans, Sergeant James Sage, Thomas Chown, R H Brooks, L K Hirsch; of No. 2330 from E G Boys, R F N Banks, Oliver Icning, W T C, and W F Thomas; of the CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS; No. 1, Chilian, E P, Jack, R K Hirsch, J O'F, and W D Wright; No. 2, C E P, Chilian, T G (Ware), and W D Wright; No. 3, from Digits and T G (Ware); No. 4, from O E P, L K Hirsch, If Wormald (Streatham), and Digits.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.—CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS.

No. 1.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Q 2nd	Q to Q 4th, or Kt 7th (ch)
2. Kt takes Q	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

If Black play 1. Q to B 6th, 7th, or 8th (ch), then 2. K takes Q and mates next move.

No. 2.

Place the Black King on K 5th, and proceed by 1. P to Q 4th (ch), and if Black play 1. K to R 4th, then 2. Q to Q 3rd, &c. If Black play 1. K to Kt 5th, White continues with 2. P to K 4th, &c.

No. 3.

The White Pawn at Q 6th captured a Black Pawn at Q 4th *en passant*, instead of which White should have played Q to B 3rd, mating.

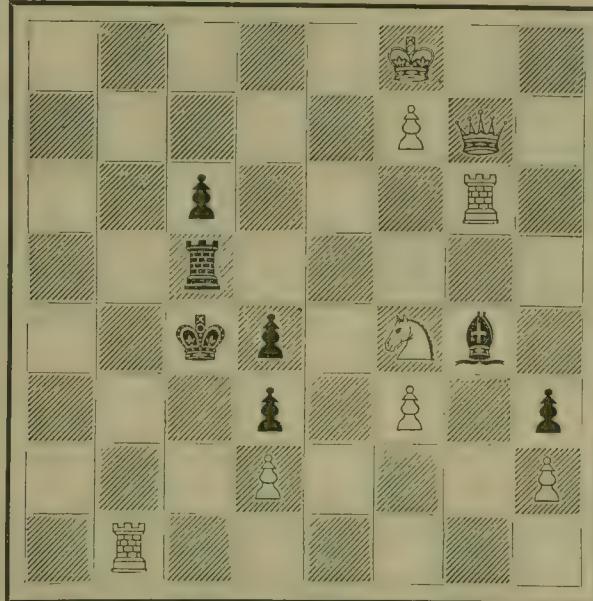
No. 4.

1. B to A 1	8. R to A 1	15. R to B 1	21. R to C 3
2. Q to B 2	9. B to B 1	16. Q to A 1	22. B to C 2
3. K to C 3	10. K to C 2	17. R to B 2	23. K to B 1
4. B to C 2	11. B to C 3	18. B to B 1	24. B to C 1
5. R to B 1	12. Q to B 2	19. R to C 2	25. Q to B 2
6. Q to C 1	13. K to C 1	20. B to B 2	26. K to A 1
7. B to B 2	14. B to C 2		

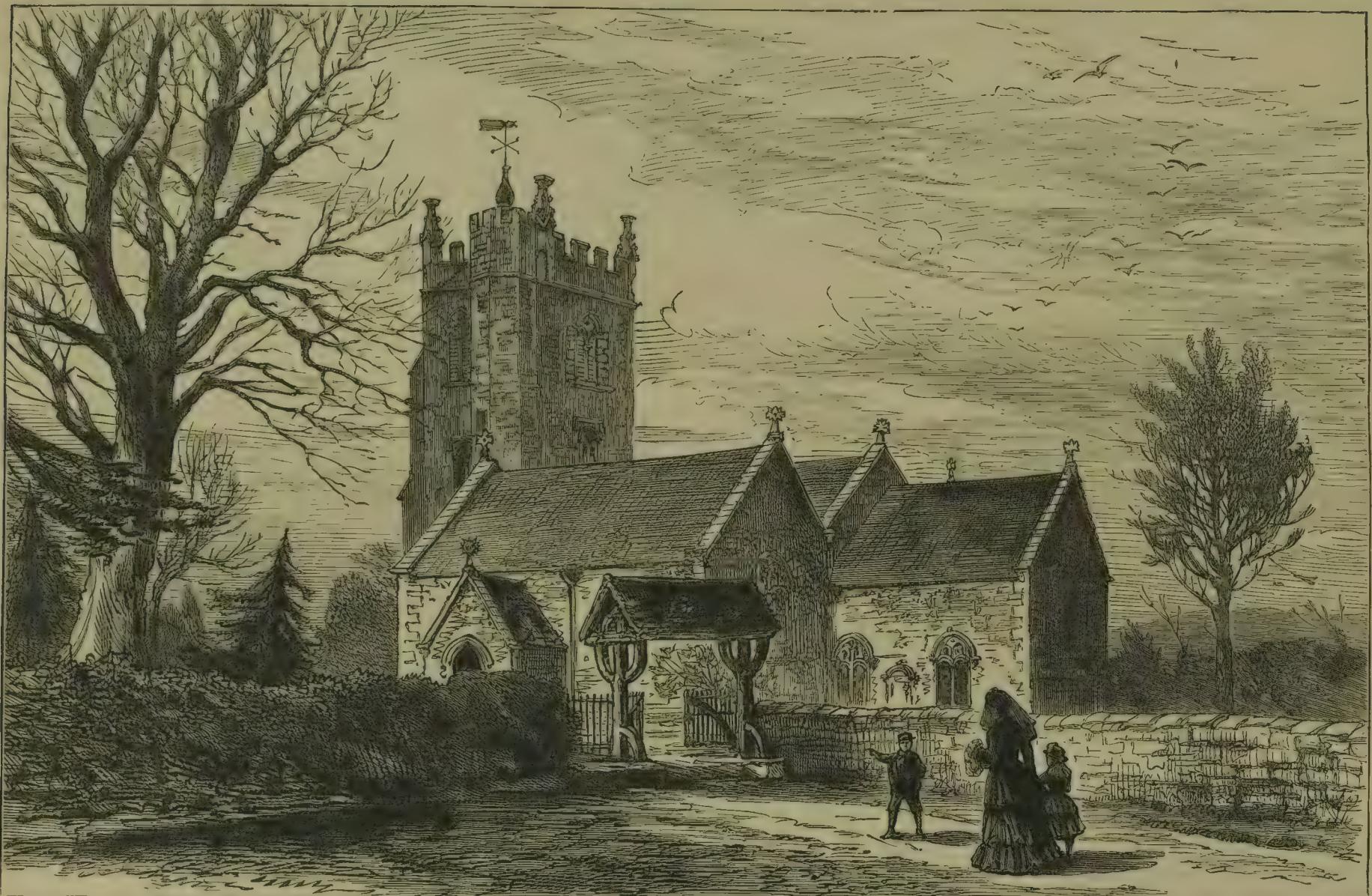
PROBLEM NO. 2233.

BY CECIL A. L. BULL.

BLACK.



THE LATE EARL OF IDDESLIGH.



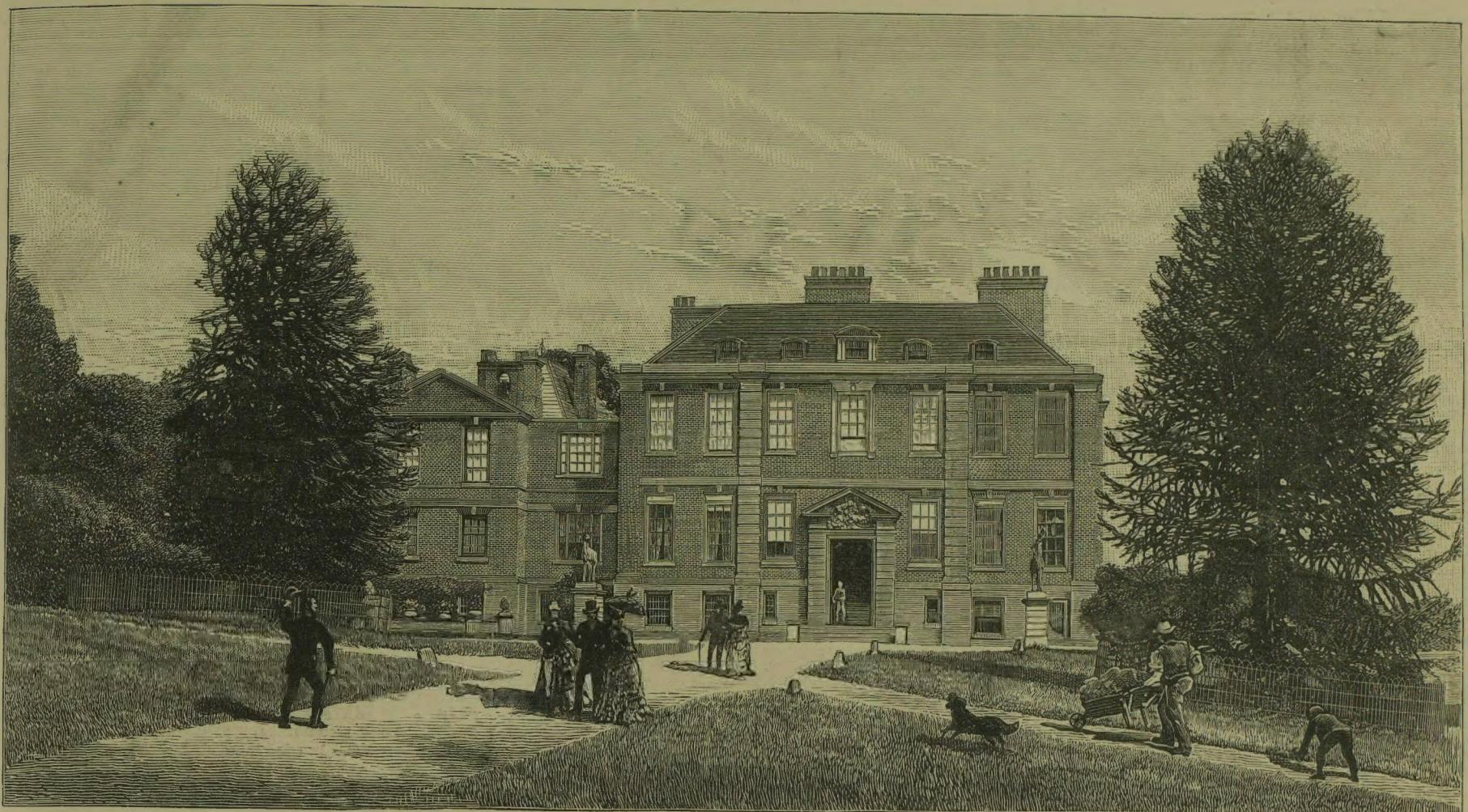
CHURCH OF UPTON PYNE, WHERE LORD IDDESLIGH WAS BURIED.



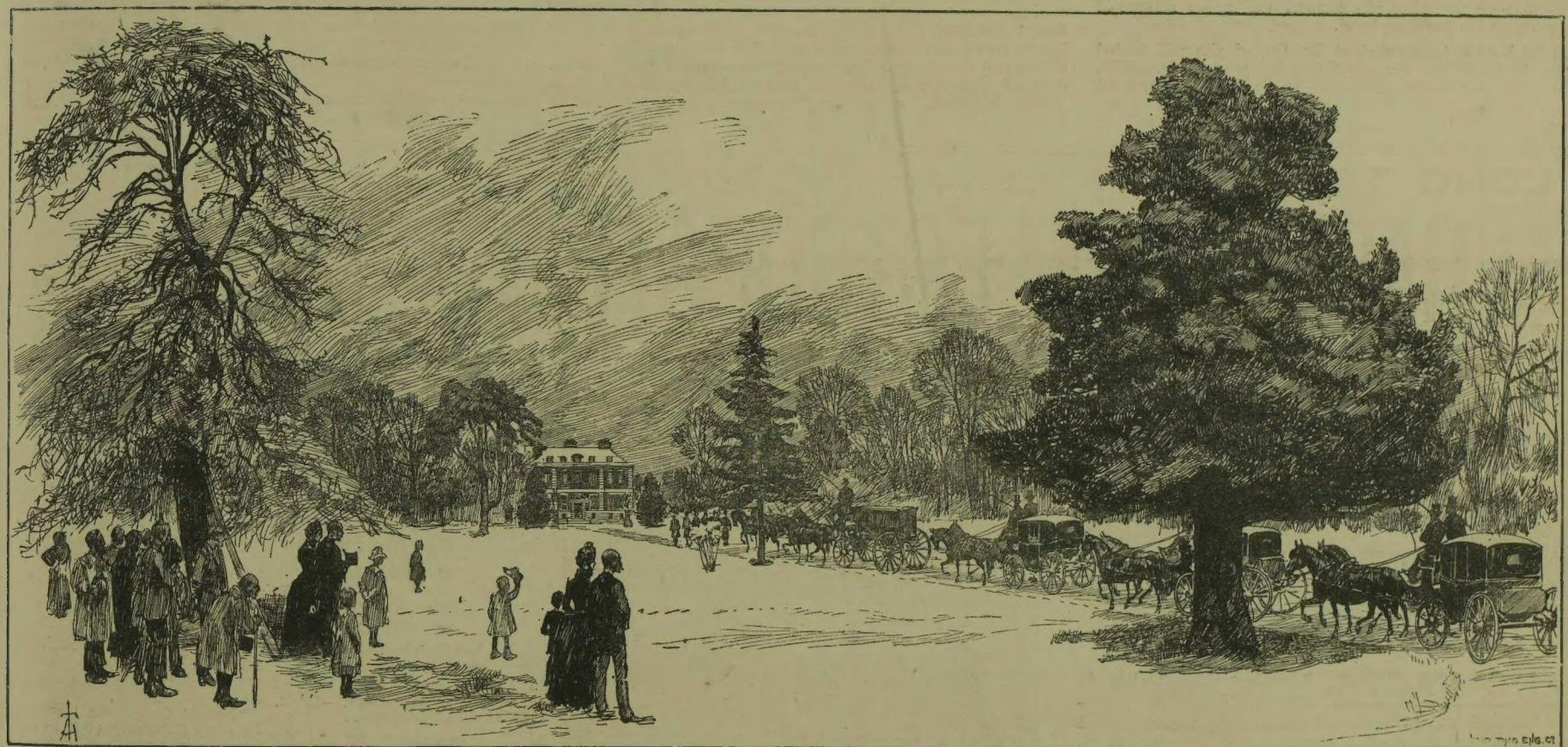
PYNES, LORD IDDESLIGH'S SEAT AND GROUNDS.

DISTANT VIEW, SKETCHED FROM THE HILL ABOVE PENNSYLVANIA, NEAR EXETER.

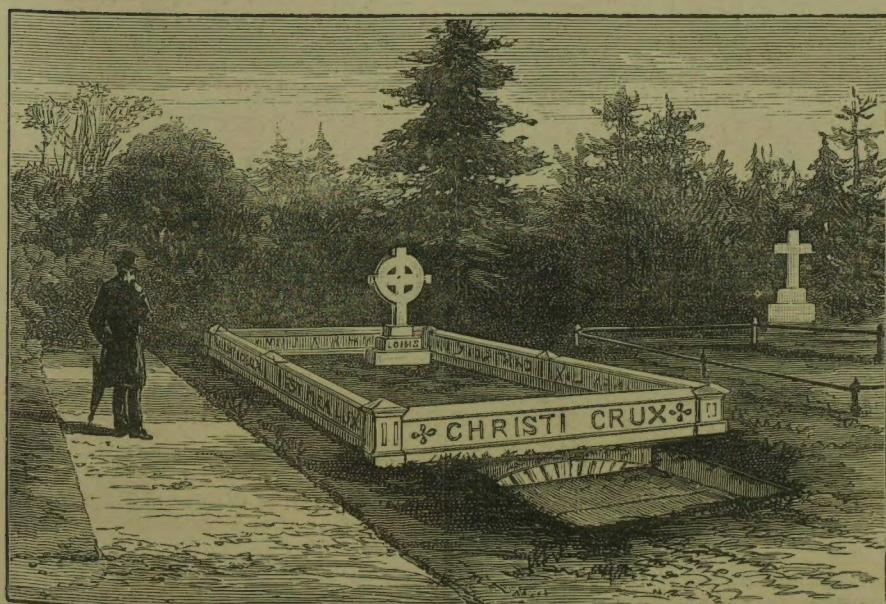
THE LATE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.



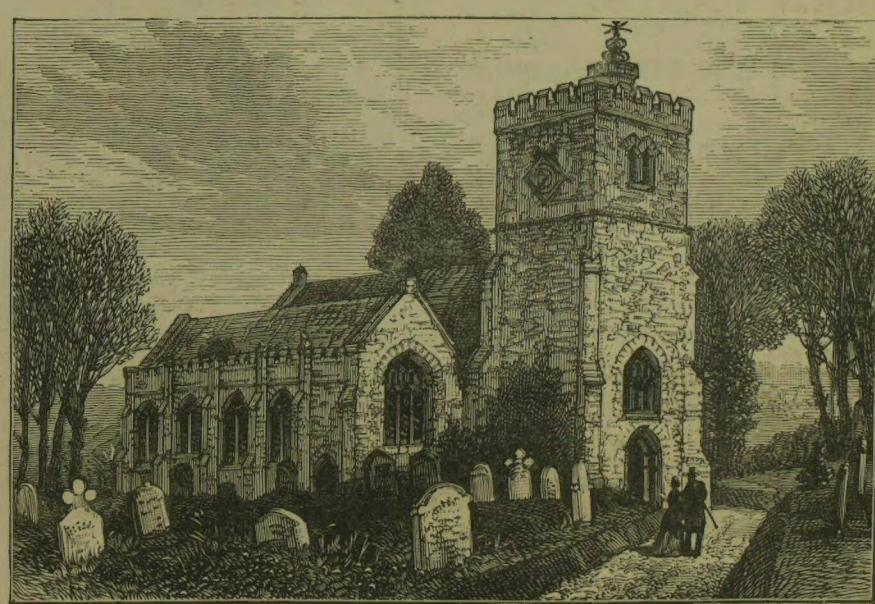
PYNES, NEAR EXETER, THE SEAT OF LORD IDDESLEIGH.



ARRIVAL OF THE HEARSE WITH THE BODY OF LORD IDDESLEIGH AT PYNES.



FAMILY VAULT OF THE NORTHCOTES, IN THE CHURCHYARD OF UPTON PYNE.



NEWTON ST. CYRES CHURCH, NEAR UPTON PYNE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1883), with two codicils (dated Nov. 4, 1885, and Sept. 25, 1886), of Mr. Abraham Laverton, J.P., formerly M.P. for Westbury, Wiltshire, late of Farleigh Castle, Hungerford, Somersetshire, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved at the Wells District Registry on the 8th ult. by William Henry Laverton, the nephew, Alexander Mackay, Frederick Denning, and William John Mann, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £647,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses, and carriages to his sister, Charlotte; £50,000, upon trust, for his said sister, for life, and then as to £10,000 as she shall appoint; £10,000, upon trust, for his nephew Frederick King Laverton; £20,000, upon trust, for each of his nephews, the sons of his late brother Frederick (other than the said Frederick King) and the sons of his late brother David (other than William Greenslade); £15,000, upon trust, for each of the daughters of his said two late brothers; £500 each to Mr. Muller's Orphanage, Ashley Down, Bristol; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wantead; and the British and Foreign Bible Society; and legacies to servants, factory operatives, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said nephew William Henry Laverton, the son of his said late brother Frederick.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1886) of Mr. Octavius Edward Coope, J.P., D.L., M.P., late of Rochetts, near Brentwood, Essex, and No. 41, Upper Brook-street, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved on the 8th inst. by Mrs. Emily Mary Coope, the widow, Archibald Ruggles Brise, the Hon. Edwin Charles William Ponsonby, and Algernon Leveson Elwes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £542,000. The testator gives his pictures, works of art, books, and engravings to his wife, for life, and then to his children; his residence, 41, Upper Brook-street, with all the furniture, effects, horses and carriages there and at Rochetts, and an immediate legacy of £2000 to his wife; he also gives to her an annuity of £5000, so long as she shall remain his widow, in addition to the provision made for her by the settlement executed on their marriage; £40,000, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, Ada Caroline and Helen; £100 to the Middlesex Hospital; and legacies to executors, grandchildren, nephews, medical attendant, and servants. The Rochetts estate he leaves to his wife until the marriage of his daughter Ada Caroline, then to his said daughter, for life, then to his wife, if she survives, for life, and then to the son of his said daughter who shall first attain twenty-one; and £500 per annum is to be paid to his daughter to help to keep up the place. Durwards Hall estate, and Appleford farm, he settles on his daughter Mrs. Mabel Ruggles Brise, for life, with remainder to her son who shall first attain twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £8000 per annum to his son Edward Jesser Coope, for life (in addition to the shares in Ind, Coope, and Co. he had paid for for him), with power to appoint an annual sum, not exceeding £2400, to his wife, Mrs. Pleasance Susan Coope, if she survive him during widowhood. Subject to such annuities, the testator leaves the residue of his property to his five daughters.

The Irish probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated June 29, 1886), of Mr. Francis Faulkner, late of St. Kilda, Sandycove, county Dublin, who died on July 29 last, granted to Henry Charles Faulkner, the son, and Frederick Anthony Whittom, two of the executors, has now been resealed in

London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £66,000. The testator leaves his residence at Sandycove, with the furniture, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, and effects, for the use of his wife, for life, and then for the use of his unmarried daughters and his son Francis; an annuity of £250 to his wife; an annuity of £150 to his son Francis; £1000 to each of his children except his sons Henry Charles, Francis, and Alfred Good; the goodwill of his business of a grocer and wine merchant, with the business premises, stock-in-trade, and book debts, two thirds to his son Henry Charles, and one third to his son Alfred Good; and other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his children, except his son Francis, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 1, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 25, 1886), of Mr. William Green, late of The Copse, Kidderminster, who died on Oct. 17 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Mary Green, the widow, and Albert Cowell, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator leaves his residence, The Copse, to his wife, for life, she paying £150 per annum to his son George Richard, and then to his said son, he allowing £3500 to his general estate; £300 to his wife; the use of his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, consumable stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock at his principal residence, to his wife, for life; his carpet manufactory, at Kidderminster, with the steam-engine, but not the machinery, to his sons George Richard and William Clement, they paying £9000 to his general estate for same; £2000 to his grandson, Frank William John Blundell; and a complimentary legacy to his executor, Mr. Cowell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to nine sixteenths for his wife, for life, and subject thereto, for his three sons, George Richard, William Clement, and James Ernest, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 4, 1886), of Mrs. Alicia Mary Gaselee, late of No. 2, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, and of Tytherley, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 11, last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Admiral John Rashleigh Rodd, and Henry Gaselee, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testatrix bequeathes £100 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £50 each to the Royal Naval Benevolent Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association; £50 to the clergyman and churchwardens of St. John's, Paddington, to be applied, at their discretion, for the poor of the district; £2000 each to her brother, James Rennell Rodd, her nephew James Rennell Rodd, and her niece Fanny Jane Emily Rodd; £1000 each to three nieces of her late husband, Serjeant Stephen Gaselee; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she gives to her sister, Wilhelmina Mary Rodd.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1886) of Mr. Christopher Edmund Broome, late of Elmhurst, in the parish of Batheaston, Somersetshire, who died on Nov. 15 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Edmund Broome, the son, Charles Lennox Moore Teesdale, and Richard Bayliss Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £200, and a further legacy of £2500, to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Harman Broome; his furniture and effects to his wife, for life, and then to his unmarried daughters; his property at Cliffe Pypard, Wilts, charged with an annuity of £40 to his faithful servant Elizabeth Norris, to his son Edmund; certain property in Essex and two sets of chambers in Gray's Inn, charged with

the payment of £200 per annum to his wife, and of £8000 to his general residuary estate, to his son William; certain books marked "C. E. B." to the Bath Literary and Scientific Society; his collection of fungi, and certain books relating thereto, to the British Museum; some books to the Devon and Exeter Institute; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four daughters.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 29, 1884) of Miss Emily Barry, late of No. 8, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 7 last, were proved on the 31st ult. by John Wolfe Barry, the brother, Charles Edward Barry, the nephew, and Frederick William Dickinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testatrix bequeathes £500 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney-heath; £300 each to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, Oxford-street, and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; £200 to the Orphanage of Mercy, Kilburn Park-road; £100 each to St. Mary's Convalescent Home, Broadstairs, in connection with the said Orphanage, and the Metropolitan Convalescent Hospital, Walton-on-Thames; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Adelaide Sarah, for life, and then for her nephews and nieces—the children of her five brothers, Charles, Alfred, John Wolfe, Godfrey Walter, and Edward Middleton.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1881), with a codicil (dated Dec. 1 1885), of Mrs. Charlotte Broadwood, formerly of Tunbridge Wells, but late of No. 4, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Sept. 24 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Henry King, the brother, and William Sanford Hodgson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix bequeathes £2500 Consols in aid of the funds of the cottage hospital built by her at Capel, Surrey, in memory of her late husband, the Rev. John Broadwood, of Lyne House, near Horsham, Sussex; and there are legacies also to the nurse, manager, and medical attendant of the said hospital; £250 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society and the Church Missionary Society; and legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her personal estate she gives to her half-brother, the said Henry King.

It has been determined at the War Office to issue 10,000 new Martini-Henry rifles to the Irish militia regiments.

The Hampstead Vestry have resolved to contribute £10,000 towards the extension of Hampstead Heath, provided that £10,000 be raised by private subscription. Mr. Harben, a member of the Vestry, has promised £500, and said that his daughter would contribute a similar sum.

Lord Salisbury has recommended a grant of £150 to be paid from the Royal Bounty Fund to Mr. Robert John Pryce, Gweiridd ap Rhys, a well-known Welsh author, distinguished as a linguist, historian, and compiler of English-Welsh and Welsh-English dictionaries and vocabularies.

Mr. H. M. Stanley was on the 13th inst. presented with the freedom of the City. At a subsequent luncheon, given to him by the Lord Mayor, he gave some particulars of his intended expedition for the relief of Emin Bey. He said the King of the Belgians had given him the use of the steamers of the Congo State for ninety days. If on his arrival at Zanzibar he found an available steamer, he would take the Congo route, which would be much the best for bringing away the women and children he hoped to rescue; but, if he found no steamer ready, he would take the inland route.

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HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC

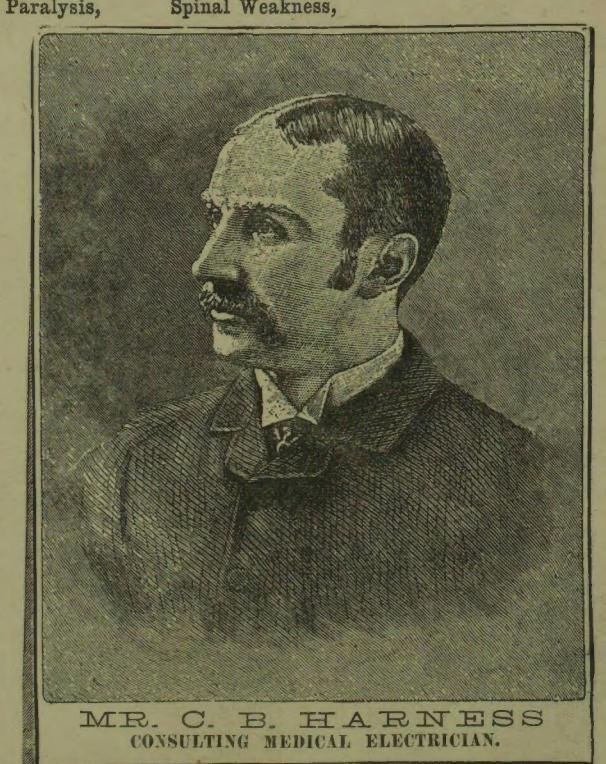
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Rheumatism,	Indigestion,	Liver Complaint,
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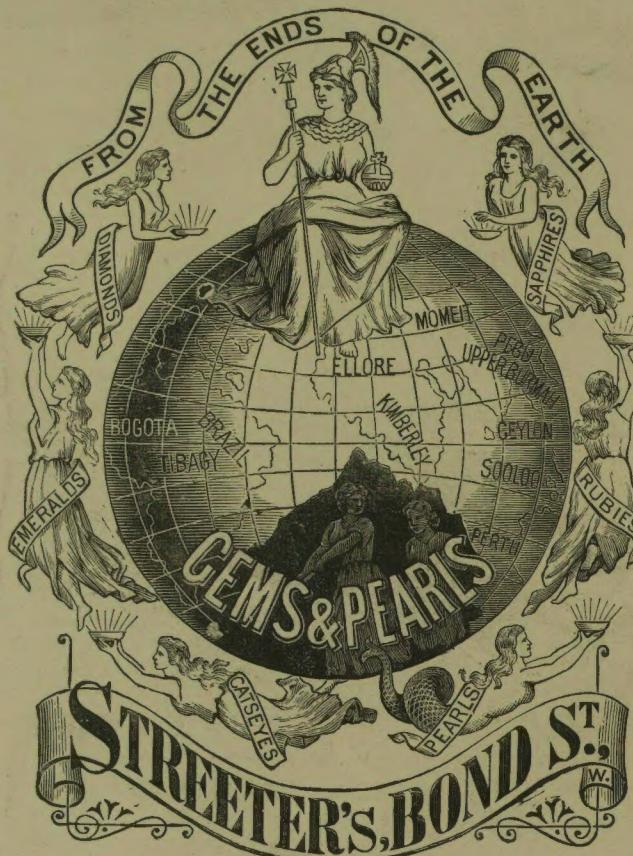
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